Profile of Sartre

THE NEW

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Contents

	Page
COMMENTS ON THE WEEK'S NEWS	750
THE NEXT SOCIAL SERVICE	753
LAST STAND OF THE STALINISTS. By Pierre Hervé	754
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	754
BALLADE ON A PRESS CONFERENCE. By Graham Greene	755
THIS ENGLAND	755
MAP WITHOUT COLOURS. By Ritchie Calder	756
WHITE TILE OR RED PLUSH? By John Raymond	756
FLEET STREET NOTEBOOK. By Francis Williams	758
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: After Armstrong. By Francis Newton	760
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	Page
Rebeyrolle and Picasso. By John Berger	760
Sport is King. By Tom Driberg	762
Late Flowering Hitchcock. By William Whitebait	763
THE FAR SIDE OF DESPAIR (with caricature of Jean-Paul Sartre by VICKY)	764
CORRESPONDENCE	765
From Thomas Fox Pitt; K. P. Shah; A. W. Kingsley; Dredagh J. Drain; Margaret Knight; Hugh G. Garside; Martyn Goff; Albert Hunt; E. W. F. Tomlin; Paul Johnson.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL: Walter de la Mare. By V. S. Pritchett	767
PLEA FOR THE HATED DEAD WOMAN. By Doris Lessing	768
REVIEWS:	Page
Counter-Revolutionaries. By Paul Johnson	768
Latimeria. By Anthony Barnett	770
Marxist and Moslem. By R. H. S. Crossman	770
Partisanship. By W. John Morgan	771
New Novels. By Maurice Richardson	771
Drawing Board to War. By Bernard Gutteridge	772
Mythopœic Genius. By Robert Liddell	773
GRAMOPHONE RECORDS. By Peter Heyworth	774
WEEK-END COMPETITION	775
CITY LIGHTS. By Taurus	775
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac	776
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	776

Does the Commonwealth Exist?

LORD ROSEBERY, who invented the term, wrote: "It is creating its own precedent, it is steering its path into the future, where no chart and no compass can guide it." What seemed revolutionary in 1883 is a truism today. The structure of the Commonwealth cannot be described in constitutional or legal terms; its future cannot be predicted. Even its existence can be questioned. Is the Commonwealth anything more than a name? Are its prime ministers, meeting this week in London, simply playing the roles of the doctors in Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson*, united only in their interest in a corpse?

If we dissent from this view it is not because any of the old ties remain. Devotion to a mystical monarchy has gone for ever. True, the Queen is still accepted, even by a republic such as India, as Head of the Commonwealth. But the free association over which she presides is entirely formless. It has no common judiciary or administration, no constitution, no joint system of defence. Its legal systems and political institutions are varied and often contradictory. Its ethical unity is shattered, since not all its members subscribe to the basic doctrine of racial equality.

Nor have the old bonds been replaced by new ones. Part of the "free world", its members have different views on the way to preserve their freedom. The English-speaking dominions are in Nato and Seato. Pakistan relies for its defence on the Baghdad Pact. India and Ceylon regard all three organisations as undesirable. When Sir Anthony Eden presents his views on imperial defence to the conference, he must be uneasily aware that one of its members, Ceylon, is about to take a step which will make the imperial defence system, at least in its present form, unworkable. The current British naval project—to build, at enormous expense, a series of "floating bases"—is itself tangible evidence that the Commonwealth has no strategic coherence.

And economic unity? True, there is the sterling area (which does not include Canada but does include some non-member states) and such projects as the Colombo Plan. But the Commonwealth has signally failed to create a central fund of capital which can provide adequately for the needs of its more backward members. Trinidad, for want of sterling capital from Britain, is forced to surrender its oil industry to the dollar zone. And this last example illustrates another, and more fundamental, economic question. The effect of the sale of Trinidad Oil was to bolster Britain's failing dollar reserves. How far is the sterling area nowadays an advantage to Britain, rather than to other Commonwealth nations? Does Malaya, for instance, without whose tin and rubber exports the area would collapse—remain in the Commonwealth in her own interests or in ours?

Politically, the Commonwealth lacks any basis of unity. It has been unable to end the dispute between India and South Africa on the treatment of the Indian minority, and it cannot tackle a dangerous issue like Kashmir. Those, like Sardar Panikkar, who advocate an improved machinery for dealing with disputes, are careful to restrict their proposal to "justiciable" issues. They add suggestions for cultural and scientific co-operation.

On what condition is genuine co-operation possible? Several times in recent months Mr. Nehru has emphasised traditional Commonwealth agreement about law, liberty and racial tolerance. If South Africa has sharply broken with this tradition, it is all to the good that Mr. Strijdom should hear privately what his Commonwealth colleagues think of this betrayal, and that Britain should use this opportunity firmly to exclude any proposal to give up our responsibility for the Protectorates. Father Huddleston boldly predicts that the Commonwealth "cannot contain *both* South Africa and Ceylon." Britain, as head of the Commonwealth, must maintain its basic principles even if this, unhappily, should lead to a breach with South Africa. To insist that the Commonwealth must find room for everyone, at any price, is to destroy whatever value it may still have. Today, it is the acceptance of human equality—not conceptions of strategy or law—that is the condition of Commonwealth survival.

Comments on the Week's News

Socialists and Communists

In his long analysis of the Krushchev secret speech, published in *Mondo Operaio* last week-end, Pietro Nenni goes further than Togliatti in his criticism of Krushchev and the other Soviet leaders. "Stalin's terror," he wrote, "cannot justify the fact that all the others sacrificed every vestige of democracy within the party." And he is more specific, again, than Togliatti in his insistence that a Marxist explanation of the reason why "all power became concentrated in Stalin's hands" should be followed by the development of free speech and freer institutions in the Soviet Union: "the concept of the dictatorship of the proletariat will have to be reconsidered." Nenni's published views on the Soviet situation, however, are of less interest than his so far unpublished opinions about the future of his action pact with the Communists. Will he help Togliatti save what he can? He may accept the Krushchev-Tito-Togliatti theory of "polycentric" leadership for Communist parties (endorsed in the communiqué after Tito's Moscow visit) as a justification for continuing the alliance with the P.C.I. Or will he now make a bid—for which he is peculiarly well placed—to establish a single Socialist workers party which, unprecedently, would not be controlled by a C.P. machine? The conversations which Nenni has been having with some of the Social Democrats could be the first step towards a fusion of the P.S.I. and the S.D.P.I.—but the price of fusion would almost certainly be the severance of the ties between Nenni and the Communists. This may now be easier since the Communists are running short of money—the "front" trading companies which siphoned off a percentage of the profits of Italian trade with the Communist countries are not doing so well—and since the Communist machine has been so badly shaken that a substantial defection to the Socialists has already taken place. Now that the Socialists are not so dependent on Communist money and organisation—that is what the "action pact" gave them—it may not be hard for them to look objectively at the political alliance. They may conclude that they will do better in future to build unity from below, by joint action on the local level, rather than seek unity by association at the top. In this way, Nenni might "capture" the bulk of the Communists. For once, a Socialist party has the political initiative. Togliatti's latest statement—which shows that he is trying to jump on Nenni's bandwaggon—concedes that democratic socialism is the "appropriate" road for Italy.

Paralysis on Cyprus

On Wednesday, Mr. Lennox-Boyd announced that he would make a statement on Cyprus before the recess. His ambivalence provokes the question: has the government got a Cyprus policy? For three weeks, frenzied discussions in Whitehall, and long diplomatic exchanges with Athens, Ankara and Washington have made it clear that the Harding policy—no negotiations until the restoration of law and order—is to be abandoned. But when and how? Last week, it became clear that the government had drawn up a draft policy which went a long way to meet the Ethnarchy terms on the question of the date for self-determination and control of internal security; and Lord Radcliffe was standing by for orders to produce his constitution. Then, in the second half of last week, the whole plan was once more thrown into the melting pot. The government's dilemma is twofold: (1) it is unwilling to negotiate with Makarios, and (2) it feels unable, having publicly stipulated on a number of occasions that it cannot act contrary to Turkey's interests, to produce a plan which Turkey will reject. It should, by now, have become clear that Ministers will have to give way on both these points, as some of them have already recognised. But Sir Anthony Eden has not yet been able to steel himself to the disagreeable task of eating his own words. Until he does so, government policy will remain paralysed. Meanwhile, in Cyprus itself, the toll of violence mounts steadily. Last week, the fortieth British soldier was killed. Sir Anthony's hesitations are the raw materials of murder.

Iceland Swings Left

Iceland is currently passing through an anti-western phase, which was reflected in the results of last week's elections. Since 1952, when the British Trawler Association succeeded in closing British ports to Icelandic fish (previously, we had taken an annual £2 million-worth) the island has sent the bulk of its frozen and salted fish exports, which accounts for 90 per cent. of its entire export trade, to Soviet Russia. Soviet influence has correspondingly increased in both the trades union and publishing fields. Added to this is growing popular feeling against the American servicemen who operate the $150 million Nato base at Keflavik. Even before the elections, all the major parties had accepted, in principle, the dismantling of the base, or at least the withdrawal of American troops; and Iceland had already initiated proceedings at the Atlantic Council in Paris. But the Independents, who dominated the right-wing coalition government, would probably have been willing to compromise. They have now, however, ceased to be the largest party, and, although no party has an absolute majority of seats in the Althing, the Independents will be effectively excluded from the new government. In all probability, a new coalition will be formed between the Progressives and the Labour Party, which may be forced to rely on Communist votes on occasion; and it is clear that the American base will not be allowed to remain in its present form. The Americans will be forced to surrender most of their extra-territorial rights, and to replace military by civilian personnel; and the British must expect an increasingly aggressive policy in the sphere of fishing rights.

Hard Times Come to Coventry

With dogged persistence the union leaders have concentrated on trying to save the jobs of the 2,500 redundant Standard tractor workers by persuading the company to adopt a shorter working week. They have ignored the shabbiest aspect of its behaviour—the contemptible £15 compensation paid to those, often with many years' service, that the firm insists on dismissing. This contrasts ill with the six-months' guaranteed wage of something near 60 per cent. of normal earnings which a laid-off American car worker gets. It is true that the motor industry has been operating on inflated payrolls for some time, and that in industry as a whole there are still far more vacancies than unemployed. But in the Coventry area there are few vacancies for machinists. Most are either for special skills, which few of the Standard men possess, or for unskilled work, which means a big drop in wages. The alternative is to move to another area altogether, which means heavy costs—especially for householders. There is a strong case here for government aid in financing the movement of workers and retraining them. The recognition that the motor industry is in for a hard time adds to the union's anxiety. On Wednesday, the British Motor Corporation at last decided to dismiss 6,000 men, giving them one week's wages as severance pay. This decision may very well start a crack in the labour market throughout industry. Since they persuaded the Standard men to go back to work early in May, the union leaders have left few stones unturned in their search for a peaceful settlement. They have resisted heavy pressure from Standard shop stewards to call an immediate strike. Originally the plan was to leave negotiations to the shop stewards. When these broke down, and the firm produced its list of 2,640 redundancies (against 3,500 before the strike) they appealed in vain to the Minister of Labour. Further talks with the management yielded only a promise to re-examine the case of 150 workers. On Monday the union leaders went to Coventry, talked with the shop stewards, and on Tuesday again tried to persuade the management to adopt a three-day week. Late on Wednesday, Standards broke off negotiations with the unions, alleging that they had threatened strike action—a charge union leaders denied. Coventry is heading for hard times.

NEXT WEEK

G. D. H. Cole
TWENTIETH CENTURY SOCIALISM

Graham Greene
THE PRICE OF FAITH

Osbert Lancaster
BYZANTIUM AND ISTANBUL

A Ridiculous Mouse

Mr. Macmillan's interim statement on Tuesday concerning the £100 million which he promised to save by curtailing government expenditure had an understandably derisory reception in the House. The cuts of £76 million came mainly from expenditure on defence; but these consisted chiefly of measures for using up stocks without replacing them, and for deferring certain other expenses rather than of real cuts. They did not include any element involving changes in defence policy. These, both Mr. Macmillan and the Prime Minister maintain, must await the result of consultations with allied governments, and no statement about them could be looked for "within the next few weeks." Among the other "economies" the only items of any significance were an increase of 1d. in the charge for school meals, in order to cover the higher cost of food supplied, and, most unfortunately, a slowing down of capital expenditure needed for the development of the school meals service. These two "economies" together account for only a very small sum. Three times as much is attributable to the decision to let food stocks run down by £8 million. In effect, apart from the niggling economies at the expense of school meals, which are still, despite promises long overdue, not supplied to a large part of the school population, the Chancellor told his hearers nothing, except that he is rigging this year's account by running down stocks and deferring some orders. He was not even able to promise that the whole of his economies would not be wiped out by supplementary estimates to be presented later in the year.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Socialists' Dilemma

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Socialist party congress, which opens this week-end in Lille, offers the Left wing of the party a real opportunity to force through changes in the government's Algerian policy. Unfortunately, they are unlikely to take advantage of it. In private conversation, leading Socialists, and even members of the government, admit frankly that the Lacoste policy has small chance of succeeding, and that its failure will do irreparable damage to the party's future. Some of them even go so far as to say that the best thing that could happen to the party would be the overthrow of the Mollet government. But private conversation is one thing, public acts another. There is a strong tradition in the S.F.I.O. that party leaders should not be criticised when they are members of the government—"solidarity with the comrades in power." In the last week or so, party federations well known for their opposition to the Algerian war have passed ambiguous conference resolutions which, at one and the same time, demand a cease-fire and express confidence in the government's policy. Even the Bouches-du-Rhône federation, whose leader, M. Defferre, is a bitter critic of M. Lacoste, has not made an outright demand for a change in policy.

In these circumstances, M. Mollet should experience no great difficulty at Lille. This is doubly unfortunate. In the first place, the government will have less incentive to look for a peaceful solution in Algeria. Secondly, it will strengthen the Communist grip on the French workers, and, in so doing, reinforce the position of Thorez and Co. at the head of the party. If the Socialists, by breaking the vicious circle of Algeria, could present a serious left-wing challenge to the C.P., the Communist leaders would be forced, as in Italy, to revise the internal structure of the party and their attitude to the changes in Russia. What France needs is a Nenni. Until she gets one, Thorez seems likely to remain firmly entrenched without risking losing a single vote. The latest by-election, in the Oise, showed that despite the Krushchev report—and unlike Italy—the French C.P. is improving its position. What happens at the Lille congress will decide whether the process is to continue.

New York

The Grocer of Syracuse

A Correspondent writes: The remarkable report on the "blacklisting" of American entertainers, published this week by the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic, shows the lengths to which conspiracy and blackmail have gone in the unofficial witch-hunt. Several hundred people—writers, actors, producers and technicians—have had their careers ruined and their "characters" destroyed by vicious, politically illiterate narks, some of whom have made a nice living from their unpleasant work. This honest and searching report, which runs to 600 pages, shows how McCarthyism has perverted and corrupted the whole entertainment industry.

At the centre of this network of intrigue and denunciation there stands the sturdy figure of a grocer in Syracuse, New York, who has appointed himself the judge and jury of radio and television. If any "unsuitable" entertainer—that is someone whose "Americanism" is suspect to the extreme Right—appears on a programme, this grocer writes to the company sponsoring the programme. Customers in his super-markets, he says, may like to know which products are manufactured by a company which provides subversives with a living. This threat has proved sufficient to persuade a company to drop a "controversial" person, lest the sales of its product suffer. Over a period of years, this grocer has become a powerful man in the radio world: a *lettre de cachet* from Syracuse was enough to seal the fate of an entertainer without further ado.

The profession of pseudo-patriotism has many practitioners, many of them less honest than the Syracuse grocer, who at least believes in what he does. Private security networks have been built up, providing blacklists for sponsors and radio and film companies—the practice was started by ex-members of F.B.I., who founded an organisation called *Red Channels* which systematically listed suspects—and keeping elaborate files to which subscribers could refer to see whether the cast of a TV commercial had ever marched in a May Day procession, signed a petition, given money for Spanish medical aid, or done one of a hundred otherwise innocent and well-intentioned actions. Such bodies as *Counter-Attack, Aware Incorporated* and various "talent consultants", have found informing a rewarding full-time trade.

Once a blacklist of this kind exists, the possibility of blackmail is enormous. Though the report has had to pay some attention to the American libel laws, it makes it quite clear that some "consultants" have received handsome fees for "clearing" suspects and that, in certain cases, people have been told in advance that they will be put in the blacklist unless they pay a substantial sum for the "research" needed to prove their innocence of Communist associations.

This is a murky and unpleasant world, and the report shows where an industry may be driven once guilt by association becomes a standard means of identifying—and punishing—people who have at one time or another held views that were unacceptable to McCarthy and even further fringes of the lunatic Right. Though it makes no suggestions for remedying this state of affairs, this dramatic exposure is bound to have a sharp impact on public opinion. Since trial and punishment have been entirely unofficial, however, no one can be officially rehabilitated or successfully claim damages for the harm that the pseudo-patriots and their criminal hangers-on have done.

Peking

Political Tourism

A Student of the Chinese press writes: Foreign Minister Shepilov's visits to Arab countries mark another stage in Soviet Middle East policy. A survey of the Chinese press during the past month suggests that Foreign Minister Chou En-lai is also trying to draw the Islamic world into the Communist orbit. These are probably co-ordinated tactics; both countries have considerable Muslim populations; Islam can be rallied against the Baghdad Pact and the western monopoly in the Middle East; Muslim countries are mainly underdeveloped areas for which the rouble is rapidly acquiring the attraction the dollar once held; and, since the Bandung Conference, China and the Soviet Union have shown increasing interest in the national movements of Africa. In this imaginative bid for the Islamic world, political tourism is an attractive, subtle, and impressive weapon.

"Relations between China and the Arab countries are entering a new age," the Tientsin *Ta Kung Pao* wrote when Egypt recognised China on May 16. The Peking *Jen Min Jih Pao* recalled the "friendly contacts" made between Egypt and China at Bandung, since when "many religious, political, academic and press personages and delegations from Egypt came to visit China, and many Chinese religious and academic personages and cultural and art delegations also visited Egypt. . . . The significance and influence of Sino-Egypt friendship goes beyond the unity of China with the Arab states, and marks the closer co-operation between Asia and Africa." Recognition was followed by trade discussions and invitations (which have been accepted) to Prime Minister Nasser and Defence Minister Abdel Hakim Amer to visit China. The Chinese Islamic Association greeted the Islamic Congress of Egypt with the wish that "the Muslim brothers in our two countries make a joint contribution towards further development and consolidation of the traditional friendship between China and Egypt." "In the name of Allah, the beneficent, the merciful, and on behalf of all Egyptian Muslims," the Egyptians replied, "we express our greetings and hearty congratulations on the occasion of diplomatic relations between the two countries." Chou En-lai received an Egyptian Cultural Delegation at the end of May and the National Peking Library presented 3,760 reproductions of cultural relics and 12 rubbings from ancient Egyptian stone inscriptions collected in China.

Dramatically illustrating the new world of co-existence, a Sudanese Member of Parliament, passing through Hong Kong on his way home from a visit to China, told the press that "neither oceans nor mountains could prevent China and the Sudan from developing their friendship." A Sudanese Cultural Delegation of Goodwill celebrated the Islamic Bairam Festival in Urumchi with Chinese Muslims. "The Muslims and other sections of people in China," Pai Shou-yi said, "warmly greet the founding of the Sudanese Republic and believe that this is a victory for world peace." The leader of the delegation described the geography and economy of the Sudan to a "meet Sudan" reception in Peking. The group showed three documentary films—the celebrations of Sudan's independence, a bumper cotton crop and construction projects in the Sudan—and one of the delegation read a poem on the New China inspired by his visit. Sudanese trade union delegates were also touring China last month. Moroccan and Tunisian trade union delegates wrote articles for the Peking *Daily Worker*. "Our heroic people have just forced the French colonialists to recognise the independence of Tunisia. . . . Our two peoples are as closely united in the current struggle against poverty, exploitation, illiteracy and disease as we have been in the past against imperialism, colonialism and foreign rule," the four visiting Tunisians wrote in a joint article, and the Moroccans called for "greater unity between the people of China and Morocco." From Syria, a 13-member delegation of jurists visited China at the invitation of the Political Science and Law Association.

Muslim delegations all met in Urumchi (capital of Sinkiang province of which about 77 per cent. are Muslims) for the Bairam Festival. Pakistanis and Sudanese celebrated with the Chinese Muslims at the famous Man Kun Mosque and shared refreshments of roast mutton. A Pakistan Islamic delegation, invited by the China Islamic

Association, celebrated the same service with local Muslims in the 7th-century Mosque in Canton. "The Chinese people are free to take part in any religious activities," the deputy leader of the delegation told the press in Hong Kong, on his way home. From Pakistan, too, a 16-man delegation arrived at the beginning of June; it will have had a preview of the country before the Pakistan Prime Minister arrives.

Twelve Indonesian delegates observed the Bairam Festival in Sian with Chinese "government employees, workers, school teachers, students and small traders." "In the house of Imam Yen Liang-pu" the *New China News Agency* writes, "the guests asked a staff member of the Sian People's Council and a 13-year-old boy to read the ancient Koran text. The guests praised their reading." Indonesia, almost entirely Islamic, has had a good deal of attention in the Chinese press, mostly linked to the visits of delegations from the trade unions, students and the press, and of the Mayor of Djakarta. The Indonesian President's anti-colonial speech before the U.S. Congress was warmly applauded.

Swansea

Back to Work—But

A Welsh Correspondent writes: All but 200 of the miners at the East and Steer anthracite pits at Gwaun-cae-Gurwen have been re-employed, having returned gradually as the "tasks"—set to demonstrate a change of heart—have been successfully performed. Output has risen; the miners are working harder for longer hours; all, you might think, is well. But from conversations with miners who have returned to the coal face it is obvious that they are in no happier a frame of mind than in the days of dispute and strike which preceded the closure-threat six weeks ago. In some ways the situation has now deteriorated: even the more stolid characters, whom it was possible to represent at one time as the victims of their irresponsible anarchic comrades, have just lost faith in management and union. From a "realistic" point of view it could be argued that this is not important and that what matters is that the Board has "got tough" successfully; that the miner recognises that all his personal, ideological and monetary complaints are simply mumblings in a void if his only source of livelihood vanishes.

This kind of "realism" in labour relations is something the miners believed would vanish with nationalisation. It forms, along with the allegations about the proliferation of officials and the grand schemes at area level which become impracticable follies at the coal face, part of their complaint against the N.C.B. But these are old grumbles—what is new is the discontent at the "tasks" that have been set, which the miners believe force a pace of work it will be impossible to maintain. Fewer men are being asked to do more work, with the result that many days they leave the coal face an hour later than they used to. The N.C.B. has said that it is not wholly responsible for assessing these tasks: the responsibility lies with a Board-union team. The miners, in turn, make specific points against this team. They say the assessors arrived in the pits at 11.15 a.m. when work had already been going on four hours, when the miners had dug themselves fairly comfortable head-room; when conditions looked as good as they ever do in these mines. If, the miners say, the assessors had arrived at 7.15 a.m. they would not have set such unreasonable tasks.

If there were any other work available for them in the district, there's little doubt that many, if not most of these miners would leave the pits tomorrow. Since no industry is likely to arrive there, they will obviously have to knuckle under. But they are thinking in terms of revenge. They see their opportunity when the great new mine opens in Abernant, eight miles down the road, in four years time. In this new pit, conditions will be a vast improvement on those at the old, mechanisation will aid high and profitable production so that the output figures will compare favourably with soft coal districts—unless there is labour trouble.

Westminster

Green Eyes

Some people—if they think about Members of Parliament at all—think of them as angels, flapping their wings majestically beyond the reach of vice. Others think of them as demons, burrowing in pits too deep for virtue. But, despite the extraordinary atmosphere in which they live and work, few Members are much more than life size. They are ordinary men and women, with an ordinary share both of virtue and of vice, including among the vices self-esteem and jealousy.

We really believe that everything we say in the House is interesting to other people—hence the lives of the Editors of the *Daily Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph* are burdened by the telephone calls from backbenchers complaining that their last night's speeches were not reported. We have a heightened sensitiveness to criticism so that, though eager to court the press, we are just as likely at a moment's notice to spurn it. Jealousy travels naturally with this self-esteem—especially jealousy of other Members who catch the Speaker's eye more frequently than we do, jealousy of other Members who, because they are journalists, command greater publicity than we do, jealousy of other Members, above all, who are broadcasters, especially on television, and who in a few weeks can build reputations to which we by more solid work could not attain in years.

This begins to matter when it affects the relations of Parliament with the rest of the country, and unhappily in recent years it has affected the freedom to broadcast. Oddly enough, though the seeds of this conflict were planted by Parliament, they were first watered by the B.B.C. when, during the war, it objected to the growing habit of Ministers of making on the air the Second Reading speeches they should more properly have delivered in the House. Because of the B.B.C. objection, Ministers accepted a gentleman's agreement on restraint. This eventually developed into a direction from the Postmaster-General that neither the B.B.C. nor the I.T.A., for a fortnight before a subject was to be debated in the House, should arrange discussions on these subjects and that no M.P. should broadcast on any subjects of legislation until that legislation had received the Royal Assent. This produced a number of technical difficulties. Strictly applied, it would have prevented the Chancellor from explaining his Budget, or the various parties from giving their party political broadcasts. Important topics could be off the air for months if they were covered by a Bill which happened to be undergoing a lengthy committee stage. Further, after arranging well ahead to broadcast the proceedings of the Oxford Union or the Willesden Borough Council, the B.B.C. sometimes found that these bodies on the night of the broadcast were dealing with matters which were then before Parliament. Partly because of these difficulties, the House some months ago appointed a Select Committee to examine the rule, though its terms of reference prevented it from recommending abolition of the rule.

During the debate on the appointment of this committee, the main theme was the necessity to preserve the prestige and paramountcy of Parliament as the forum of the nation; but at times this

TOGLIATTUS ET NENNUS

theme was nearly swamped by two undercurrents. One was the obvious desire of the two main party machines so to control political discussion on the air that not merely should Conservative views be equally balanced by Socialist views but that, inside each party, the majority view should have predominance over the views of the minority. This had already resulted in a rationing agreement under which not only was every Tory M.P. broadcaster, even on non-political subjects, to be balanced by a Socialist M.P. broadcaster, but also, for example, every "Bevanite" M.P. broadcaster was to be balanced by five "orthodox" Labour M.P.s.

This restriction on the power of the B.B.C. to select speakers simply because they were good broadcasters tended to make B.B.C. political discussions dull and hence, to an extent, discouraged the spread of political education. It produced some ludicrous situations as when, after Sir Richard Acland had broadcast his views on rhododendrons the B.B.C. had to search frenziedly for "machine" men who knew about daffodils. Yet the House approved it, partly because of the second undercurrent. Even those who would not automatically back a party machine in everything it did, backed it in this because of resentment that such men as Robert Boothby or Michael Foot, just because they were superb broadcasters, should win seemingly easy national reputations.

When the committee met, both R. A. Butler, for the Conservatives, and Hugh Gaitskell, for Labour, argued that the official party political broadcasts should be exempted from the rule—which hardly suggested that the paramountcy of Parliament was their sole concern. Otherwise they wanted the rule retained though with modifications. But the committee, which has now presented its report, came as near as its terms of reference permitted to condemning the rule. It did in fact recommend that the limit on broadcast discussion should be reduced to seven days. I hope that Parliament will now take the hint.

Leaving aside the undercurrents of personal jealousies and party machine manoeuvrings, there is something arid in the attitude which sets up the paramountcy of Parliament as an end in itself. Parliament is a means—to democratic government—and I would like it, through the acquisition of much greater economic power, to be an even more effective means to that end than it is. But if ever a better means showed itself, I would not cling to Parliament as to a fetish. Parliament does not need such defences. Despite the fact that decisions nowadays are taken elsewhere in private meetings—of Cabinets or parliamentary committees or party meetings—and are merely registered on the floor of the House, the House of Commons still remains not merely the main forum for political discussion as opposed to decision but also the main stimulus to political education. When the House is not sitting, political discussion, both in the press and on the air, subsides. It is the fact that an issue is actually before Parliament which so often gives that issue urgency and interest. Yet though Parliament is so firmly established as the main stimulus of at least *political* democracy, it is not the only one. Newspapers of all kinds and broadcasting, both sound and vision, can and do contribute to the same end for which Parliament exists. Parliament does not need to be jealous of these agencies; and even if, as an institution, it does allow itself to acquire some of the characteristics of its individual members, it should not allow such failings to drive it into a position where it impairs agencies which in fact are helping it to do its work.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Next Social Service

DESPITE the large post-war building programmes, housing remains one of our most pressing social problems. And it is a problem, moreover, which grows more complicated each year as fresh patches are put on the quilt of legislation, as new housing becomes more expensive and old housing becomes an increasingly unprofitable form of investment, as our rent structure becomes more and more distorted and as whole districts of our towns fall into obsolescence and decay. Consider, first, some of the vital statistics. Of 7¼ million tenancies in Britain, two-thirds are in houses more than 65 years old: some 2¼ million of these houses, indeed, have been standing for at least a century. One million of them are slums. There are 7 million households without a fixed bath; in 3 million, there is a shared lavatory; in 2 million there is a shared kitchen sink. And, but for the high proportion of houses built by local authorities to decent specifications, the picture would be far worse. Private enterprise, in short, has failed to provide adequate housing for a large proportion of our people.

This failure, it is true, cannot be blamed entirely on the avarice or incapacity of property owners. For a variety of reasons, successive governments have kept rents of private tenancies below their market value, and it has been difficult and sometimes impossible for landlords to maintain their property (though too many of them have long ago stopped trying). So rented houses have steadily deteriorated. Neither party has been willing to tackle this question of the decaying stock of houses. It is thought to be politically dangerous, and both Labour and the Conservatives have preferred to concentrate on new construction—Labour, for its part, putting the emphasis on local authority building for rent, and the Conservatives, with the approval of the builders and the building societies, seeking to shift the emphasis to building for private sale. Now, as high building costs and interest rates are checking the housing boom, we face the fact that we are still two million houses short—half for slum clearance and half for those who still have to double-up though they want homes of their own—and we still have several million houses which fall below a decent minimum standard.

There are two ways in which this problem can be solved. The first, favoured by the present government, is to conjure it away. The housing shortage, the Tories believe, is merely a function of low rents in a period of full employment; there would be no shortage if everyone was asked to pay an economic rent. Therefore, the Tory argues, there should be a free market in housing; rent controls should be abolished; subsidies should be withdrawn; and new construction should be limited to such extreme cases of need as the slum-dweller or the low-income family.

Such a policy may be "financially sound". It may solve the housing problem by reducing demand. But it is socially impossible. The tenant will simply pay more for fewer amenities. That is why Labour is right to regard housing, in our society, as the next of the social services to come under public ownership and control. Short of the free market, there is no other way of breaking out of the present unsatisfactory "mixed" system. And there is no other possible way of providing decent homes for all.

In the second of its new policy statements (*Homes Of The Future.* 9*d.*) the Labour Party has set out in much greater detail the proposal for taking rented property into social ownership that it had already accepted at the last election. The intention is to transfer, by stages, about six million houses and flats from private to municipal ownership. Though this measure must involve great financial and administrative problems, the Labour Party should be applauded in this instance for having sufficient courage to make such a great decision of principle. The difficulties, however, remain. And though this policy statement rightly insists that social ownership must not be accompanied by the petty restrictions which many councils at present place upon their tenants, it is much less explicit about aspects of this take-over which are bound to bother serious minded councillors and their electors. It is all very well, for example, to say that this change will raise new problems of housing management. It will indeed. How large will housing departments have to be? What role, for instance, will be played by estate agents who will find half their occupation gone?

Then there is the much more fundamental question of compensation. The experience of previous nationalisation schemes has shown that excessive compensation, taking the form of negotiable government stock, is not the best of ways to take private property into public ownership. This statement is not precise about compensation, but in leaving the form of payment open it implies that bonds may be issued. If this method were to be used, the total annual interest burden on the capital cost of six million houses and flats could easily be of the order of £90 millions a year, even if the bonds carried no more than 3 per cent. Why not stick to the simpler and more effective proposal whereby the owner would be guaranteed the present rent of the house—less, say, a proportion notionally allocated to repairs—for a term of years which should not exceed the social life of the house? That would meet the requirement of this statement that "the acquisition of these houses will be self-financing."

In discussing the cost of renovation—and repairs and improvement, it must be remembered, are the main justification for this policy—and also the cost of slum clearance and new construction, the statement has an interesting and novel implication. Low interest rates, it says, are "essential," and it indicates that there may be special low-cost housing loans below the prevailing rate—something that, in the past, has always been dismissed as being unorthodox and undesirable, yet can be justified as a form of subsidy if the greater part of our rented property passes into public ownership. Without some such reduction in capital cost—and interest payments over sixty years can easily double the total cost of a house—it would be impossible to finance large-scale building, renovation and—another useful and attractive innovation—the 100 per cent. mortgages that local councils will be empowered to offer owner-occupiers. The details of this idea, however, have been left vague. It is desirable that the party spokesmen should spell it out in greater detail.

Why, moreover, is this document so imprecise in discussing the steps needed to modernise, mobilise and expand the building industry. Why has the idea of a National Building Corporation been discarded? What changes are needed both in building techniques and the structure of the industry? For it is quite clear that we cannot build a large number of council houses, clear slums, develop new and expanded towns—and, in addition, renovate the millions of decaying homes, provide schools, factories and hospitals—unless the building industry is reorganised to meet this huge increase in demand.

Detail is indeed important. The treatment of the New Towns in this statement, for example, is inadequate. Labour has always been inexplic-

ably shy of acclaiming the success of one of its most important social experiments, and even now the National Executive hesitates to commit itself to a further series of New Towns or to means of rescuing the first series from the blight which successive economies have brought upon the original and imaginative plans. There are, further, questions about rent policy, fair allocation of houses and mobility which will follow from widespread municipal ownership yet are untouched in this document. More research and discussion may be needed on these points. But, for all that, there is no doubt that this policy statement marks an immense and courageous step forward by Labour. It is the first real attempt to break out of the downward spiral which has afflicted so much of our rented property for a generation.

Last Stand of the Stalinists

The author of this article, Pierre Hervé, was for many years a leading French Communist intellectual and publicist. Last January, he published La Révolution et les Fétiches, *a trenchant criticism of anti-rationalism and obscurantism within the French Communist Party, and was, in consequence, expelled. Twenty-four hours after Hervé's expulsion was announced, Krushchev delivered his "keynote" speech, confirming all Hervé's allegations.*

On July 18, the French Communist Party will hold its annual congress at Le Havre. For the first time, a western Communist party, notorious for its Stalinist zeal for more than a quarter of a century, which has exercised enormous influence on other western Communist parties, will be forced to define its attitude to the changes in Russia. How deep is the rift between Maurice Thorez and his friends, and the Russian leaders?

First, let us examine the party's state of mind on the eve of the congress. In recent weeks, a new theme has appeared in the party press, and has been orchestrated at federation and section conferences. It runs: "We are not a section of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. So why should we align ourselves with the positions taken up by the 20th Congress?" On the surface, this seems an admirable sentiment: such independence is quite new in the history of the French C.P. In fact, however, the advocates of the new freedom are the ultra-authoritarians. So long as Stalin lived, these recent converts to nationalism demanded absolute and mechanical acceptance of the least caprice of Moscow in the name of "unconditional solidarity with the U.S.S.R."! They were surpassed by none in their grovelling before the idol of Stalin, their Zhdanovist zeal in the arts and sciences, their vituperation of Tito; they expelled promptly and ruthlessly anyone who questioned the Moscow line. Now, suddenly and miraculously, they have chosen freedom.

In the weekly party organ *France Nouvelle*, Marcel Servin—who, as everyone knows, speaks for Thorez—has launched a violent attack on the writer Claude Morgan for proposing the adoption of the secret vote for the election of delegates to the congress, and for the central committee elections. Morgan was only one of many who have made this suggestion. Why was he chosen for attack? Because, as editor of *Horizons*, the organ of the Movement for Peace, he is an "internationalist." His paper is published in several languages, notably Russian, and a number of Russian personalities are members of the Movement's committee. What is more, in writing his attack, Servin deliberately ignores the fact that a secret vote has been adopted in the U.S.S.R.; the only example he quotes is the British C.P., which held a secret vote. "Our British comrades," he writes, "do as they think fit. So do we." He might have added—but didn't—"Our Russian comrades do as they think fit too."

Following Thorez' example, the party leaders in France still hang portraits of Stalin in prominent positions in their offices. At their meetings, some of them—for example, Raymond Guyot, secretary of the Paris Federation—have violently attacked leaders of other Communist parties for echoing criticisms of Stalin. A favourite target is Walter Ulbricht. A German, they say, has no right to judge Stalin so severely. Another favourite is Togliatti and the Italian C.P. leaders, long suspected by the French of "liberalism" and "opportunism." (This comes as no surprise to those who remember that Laurent Casanova, a leading French Stalinist, visited Corsica soon after the Liberation and warned Italian Communist emigrants not to read *L'Unita*, the official organ of the Italian C.P.)

The French C.P. has long had a reputation for chauvinism. But since the process of de-Stalinisation began, its leaders' hatred of all things foreign has bordered on neurosis. They regard the progressive weekly, *France-Observateur*, as the enemy number one of the party. Why? Because it has published lengthy articles on the changes taking place in Russia and the satellites. Enemy number two is *Le Monde*, which published the secret session speech in full. Other newspapers have done the same: but these two are regarded by party militants as, in general, objective and reliable. The party leaders therefore hate them much more than the general run of the "bourgeois" press, which can easily be dismissed as anti-Communist.

There are other signs of the times. In the old days, French C.P. leaders thronged diplomatic receptions at the eastern European embassies. Now, they hardly ever appear. There is a new kind of cold war. Visitors from the Popular Democracies are astonished and concerned by the behaviour of French C.P. leaders. A week or so ago, a Polish leader visited Thorez in his office and made some remark about the portrait of Stalin hanging on the wall. Without saying a word, Thorez left the room, slamming the door.

The fact that *L'Humanité* made a violent attack on *Borba* the same day Tito arrived in Moscow is significant. In another article in *France Nouvelle*, Servin wrote that there could be no question of readmitting into the party those expelled for opposing the condemnation of Tito. "We only expelled those," he wrote, "who deliberately attempted to split the party." (In fact, as every French Communist militant knows, a number were expelled simply for voicing their opinion, in the privacy of party cell discussions, that it was going too far to call Tito a Fascist.) Such articles are published to encourage French Communists to carry on the anti-Tito feud.

In his speech to the Central Committee on May 9, 1956, Thorez declared that democratic principles had never been violated in the French party, that "collective direction" already existed, and that the cult of personality was practically unknown. In consequence, he said, no changes were necessary. In fact, the Stalin cult has been followed more religiously in France than anywhere else except Russia. Thorez and his protégés have always ruled absolutely, and still do today; and there is not the slightest sign that they have any intention of changing their methods. Indeed, they specifically repudiate criticism in the communiqué published last week by the political bureau. The present leaders of Russia, it says, were responsible for the cult of Stalin. The French party knew nothing about Stalin's errors and cruelties. But, as everyone knows, Maurice Thorez and his wife, Jeanette Vermeersch, lived for several years in Moscow, in daily and intimate contact with the Soviet leaders. Many other Communist leaders, who were with them at the time, have subsequently denounced Stalin's crimes. Krushchev's revelations prove beyond any possible doubt that it was impossible to live in such circles and not know what was going on. Why, when Thorez returned to France—out of the reach of Stalin and Beria—did he do nothing? It would, doubtless, be asking too much to have expected him to attack Stalin. But might he not at least have moderated his servile panegyrics? Instead, he made party headquarters in Paris the western European centre of the Stalinist religion.

What is he going to do now? Recently he has not concealed the fact that he finds Soviet foreign policy embarrassing because it prevents him from taking up an extremist position on Algeria. The Algerian war is an excuse for all those in France who wish to prevent the international *détente* which is now the principal objective of Soviet policy; and among them Thorez is the leader. How far is he prepared to go? Will he try to develop in France a form of neo-Communism which will call itself "national" and "popular," which will denounce the "uncertainty of the intellectuals" and exalt the virtues of order, discipline and authority? The French party congress should provide a clue.

PIERRE HERVÉ

London Diary

Nasser this week has followed the pattern set by Napoleon III. Such plebiscites are a form of hypocrisy; they are the tributes of dictatorial vice to democratic virtue. They tell one nothing real about public opinion. It is quite a mistake to assume that because there are no alternative candidates that therefore the dictatorship is unpopular and the people have to be coerced into voting for the dictator. It would be even more absurd to assume that a 90 per cent. acclamation means that there is no suppressed opposition. The most miserable case which I myself observed at first hand (and denounced at the time) was the Czech plebiscite after the Communist coup of 1948. There was a shallow pretence that the ballot was secret, and the Czechs, who were accustomed to a genuinely free choice, were outraged and told one so in a whisper as they came out of the polling booth where they had been humiliated. Now that even the Russians are talking about permitting an electoral choice I suppose there is some chance of a return to democratic elections in Prague. Nasser's plebiscite strikes me as rather more like Tito's in 1945. Tito was vastly popular; the partisans were in charge, there was no alternative, and no need to drive people to the polls or, as some English commentators declared, to fake the votes. Of course, people who feared the new Communist regime had no opportunity to organise or express themselves. How large was the real and silent opposition? Anybody's guess. I recall talking to Tito on the night before the poll. I said I was much worried about his election because no one in the West would believe in the honesty of the 90 per cent. poll, which I imagined he would in fact get without any falsification. I urged him, therefore, to destroy 25 per cent. of his votes, and then everybody would believe it had been honest! He roared with laughter, and said he did not expect more than 65 per cent. anyway. Actually his figure was over 90 per cent. I suppose some-

thing of the same sort is true about the vote for Nasser and the constitution. It served the same propaganda purpose as Tito's.

* * *

I knew that M.P.s were hard up but I hadn't realised, until one of them pointed it out to me the other day, that they are actually getting less pay, relatively, than they were when the payment of Members was introduced in 1911. Even in those days the Tories were taking the same patronisingly smug line as they are today about M.P.s' pay. When Lloyd George proposed a salary of £400, Austen Chamberlain denounced it as "a violation of the principle of gratuitous service". Since then the idea has got about that M.P.s have moved up the scale, but statisticians tell me that £1,250 at today's prices is equivalent to only £388 in 1911. Considering what a sinecure the job was then compared with now, I am not surprised M.P.s are furious. What angers Labour Members is not only that so many of them have to pinch and scrape while the Tories live off their directorships, but that the government refuses impartial consideration of their case. This is electioneering at its most contemptible. No doubt the government is delighted that once again it has manœuvred the Labour Party into the role of Oliver Twist, but this meanness may boomerang. Junior posts in the government are now so unattractive that they are being hawked around. I know of at least one Parliamentary Secretary who owes his position on the front bench to the fact that four other Tory back-benchers had turned it down before him on grounds of finance. The government may be indifferent to the poverty of Labour M.P.s; it can hardly ignore the intellectual impoverishment of its own front bench.

* * *

I don't suppose that more than a handful of experts know what an expenditure tax is. That is why the rumour that the Labour Party is to press for this in its coming document on Equality has caused such a stir. "Gaitskell Plans Tax on Spending" makes a good scare headline. Actually the tax would only hit some 300,000 people; anyone outside the surtax class would not be affected. This ingenious device for soaking the rich was advocated years ago by the late Professor Irving Fisher. He argued that it is wrong to tax income regardless of the use to which it is put: we should only tax that part of it which is spent. Savings should go scot free. Since then the idea has been taken up by Labour economists, notably Nicholas Kaldor. The advantage from an equality point of view is that "income" would be widened to include capital. The enthusiasts for the tax say it is a foolproof substitute for a capital gains tax and for surtax, which it would replace. But I understand that Labour's backroom boys are by no means unanimous about it. Gaitskell is certainly keen on the idea if, as some experts doubt, it is workable. Some argue that it is a strange way to fight inequality to encourage the rich to save and so, in fact, to accumulate property. All this goes to show that the path to equality is hard. This subject is Gaitskell's pet theme; he has staked a good deal of his political reputation on his belief that the pursuit of equality is a better electoral winner than public ownership.

* * *

On June 9, I wrote that Communists have "always vehemently insisted" that the passage in Lenin's "testament" about Stalin was a forgery. This was incorrect; I should have said that they consistently misquoted and misrepresented the passage. Even now, when Mr. Rothstein takes me to task in the *Daily Worker* for my comment, he only reprints a small part of the long and complicated polemic which has gone on about this document ever since Max Eastman first quoted it in 1925 in a book that the *Communist Review* of May, 1925, dismissed as "full of gossip, slander and calumny." Indeed, as a correspondent points out in Wednesday's *Daily Worker*, Rothstein still tries to justify his own past interpretation of the document. It is true, as he says, that the Comintern weekly, *Inprecorr*, of November 17, 1927, published a speech by Stalin in which he quoted the passage about his rudeness. Yet, in this version, for instance, Stalin changed the words "I propose to the comrades to remove Stalin from that position" (E. H. Carr's translation) to "the comrades should discuss the question of dismissing" Stalin. When Stalin used other extracts from this document—and the parts favourable to Trotsky, Zinoviev and Kamenev were not revealed—he similarly changed or distorted the meaning of the sentences he used, and it is these distorted phrases that other Communists, including Rothstein, have employed to suit their purpose. When, moreover, this speech of Stalin's—delivered on October 23, 1927—was reprinted in Volume 10 of his works, published in Moscow in 1949 and in London in 1954, even the "revised" version of this passage was eliminated from the text. Communists also have claimed that the "testament" was read to the 1934 party congress. On the contrary, it was read only to the party leadership, on May 22, 1924, and a vote was taken. By 30 votes to 10—and Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, was among the dissentients—it was decided to withhold the full text from the delegates. It has never since been made available to the Soviet public.

* * *

The other day I was reading, with some sympathy, these words in Mr. Donald Ford's highly informative book *The Deprived Child:*

> The picture still current in some quarters of members of Children's Committees and officers of Children's Departments who are eager to take children from their parents and home, and care for them in sanitary, hygienic and well-managed institutions is as false a superstition as any I have ever encountered.

(Mr. Ford should know, for he was chairman of the L.C.C. Children's Committee.) Then I read, with much relish, Lord Goddard's angry denunciation, in a *habeas corpus* action last week, of "bureaucracy gone mad." The case was that of a young girl who had been taken from her mother and sent to a remand home solely because she hadn't been to school for three weeks. She and her mother were staying in another part of the country because their home had been damaged by fire. When the Children's Officer called to inquire about school attendance, the mother was rude to him, and so was the girl. Lord Goddard said he would have been a lot ruder, and was then rather rude himself to a number of authorities whose work, in any particular case, must often share the blame due to some flat-footed act by any one of them. The N.S.P.C.C., for example, who do a lot of good preventive work in circumstances that are brought to light only by school truancy, got an unmerited swipe for being in this case at all—"These inspectors are nothing but paid servants of a voluntary society. People get frightened because they wear a uniform." Sending this child to a remand home was such a shocking and wicked thing that at first one applauded all that the Lord Chief Justice had to say about it; but to anyone who may believe that the case is anything like typical I would warmly commend Mr. Donald Ford's book.

* * *

This journal has not always disregarded jazz. In the days when Constant Lambert reviewed records for us he, as we would expect, gave it a place. Jazz was intellectually fashionable in those days. Now it is again. I admit that here I myself have been left behind by the intellectual fashion. People tell me I sound like an old-fashioned judge when I innocently ask "Who is Louis Armstrong?" Or "What is 'hep'?" Anyhow, I hope others will be as much instructed and interested as I shall be by the appearance of a periodical column devoted to this very esoteric subject. The first one appears in Arts and Entertainments this week.

CRITIC

Ballade on a Press Conference

"Gentlemen of the Press, attend:
The lower bowel—this cross is he,
And if you'll watch my pointer's end
I touch the appendectomy.
Now here's the colon, and you'll see
X-rays disclose a little beer,
A *filet mignon* and a pea . . .
But what's a Dulles doing here?

"The Levin tube we must extend
From nose to stomach, and then we
Cut back the flesh and gently bend
The presidential cavity.
For thirty feet internally
Intestines coil, and what we fear
Is pudding, pie or possibly . . .
But what's a Dulles doing here?

"The Wall Street stocks can now ascend
And bankers may sleep easily
(I favour oil), for we intend
Ileo-transverso-collectomy.
We have removed the tendency
To bellyache, but what seems queer
A flatulence remains and the . . .
But what's a Dulles doing here?"

Prince, there's a World that's really free,
No politics and no career,
There will a Voice ask humorously,
But what's a Dulles doing here?

GRAHAM GREENE

This England

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There was only one wrong note. The American Ambassador refused to stand for a toast proposed by Mr. Khrushchev to Communist China. The British group rose, but did not drink.—*News Chronicle.* (Leslie Collier.)

A campaign has been launched at Littlehampton to change the town's name, which critics say is "insignificant" and cannot compete for dignity with names like Bognor Regis and Brighton. Suggested alternatives include Hampton Parva and Arunmouth.—*Birmingham Mail.* (M. Landau.)

The Queen's intention to pay a 10-minute visit to Burns's cottage during her tour of Ayrshire next month has brought a protest from Scottish Nationalists.

They say it is impossible for anyone to approach the cottage "in the proper frame of mind and leave it in so short a time."—*News Chronicle.* (R. H. Turner.)

All the speakers, with one exception, were of the opinion that Britain is a free country and anyone should be entitled to express his point of view, subject to the discretion of the I.T.A.—*Birmingham Post.* (W. B. Johnson.)

Map Without Colours

POWER-ENGINEERS, in contrast to power-politicians, know when to pocket their prejudices and pull out their slide-rules. Moreover, they are professionally colour-blind, when they look at the conventional map on which countries are coloured and national boundaries are marked, because the energy-resources of their "power-world" do not conform to political frontiers. That was what made the 52-nation, Fifth World Power Conference, just held in Vienna, so important. Statesmen should study that power-map, for it will determine the fates of nations and dominate the politics of the next generation in which the Haves may become the Have-nots and the Have-nots, the Haves. The hazards of the Middle East oil situation have already made Britain aware of this change.

Britain, like western Europe, has become power-hungry. We are paying the price of our supremacy in the industrial revolution and our past prosperity built on cheap and accessible coal. But coal is no longer cheap and accessible—and never will be again. It is not that we are short of coal. Our reserves—deep beneath the ground—are estimated at 173,900 million tons, of which we expect to mine 22,000 million tons in the next hundred years, but it will become ever more difficult to mine that amount, despite the fact that the National Coal Board's modernisation and mechanisation expenditure is now approaching £90 millions a year. The report of the Ministry of Fuel experts to the Vienna Conference made no bones about it—there is no prospect of the coal industry being able to overtake the rapidly increasing demand. If we cannot increase our power supplies, this country will inevitably lose ground and our living standards will fall. Our future can be predicted by a slide-rule, not a crystal ball.

The British contingent of 400 experts made a brave show. Their trump-card was the announcement that industrial engineers of the four combines of private firms (now competing for the Central Electricity Board and South of Scotland Electricity Board contracts for atom-generated electricity stations), have already succeeded in doubling the predicted output from the stations and so have lowered the capital cost per kilowatt to a point which makes atom-electricity cheaper than coal-electricity. This was a big surprise to most of the delegates from the rest of the world, who had accepted U.S. criticisms that Britain's Calder Hall-type reactor is "out of date before it even starts." On modifications of this type (graphite-moderated, gas-cooled) are to be based all twelve C.E.A. stations, the South of Scotland Electricity Board station just ordered, and the six additional paramilitary stations of the Atomic Energy Authority, producing military plutonium but also selling civilian electricity. Expediency based on the urgency of our needs compelled us to go ahead with this reliable type. But the first reactor (of two) now functioning at Calder Hall needed less uranium fuel than had been estimated and now, by purely engineering improvements, the efficiency of the new stations will be doubled.

But the ten-year programme for all those stations was originally estimated to produce the equivalent of 5 million tons of coal. Even if that saving is doubled it does not close the gap. So we had the estimates of what Britain might get in other directions. Windmills, if all suitable sites were used, would produce electricity equivalent to 2 to 5 million tons of coal a year. Methane, the fire-damp which threatens miners' lives, can be extracted from the pits and used commercially to the extent of another 3 million tons. More methane, produced by the fermentation of domestic sewage, would save 300,000 tons of coal. Tidal power, if the Severn Barrage were built, would save another million tons and hydro-electric schemes at full-bore would total another 5 million. We also had British papers on heat-pumps, which act like refrigerators in reverse, extracting heat from cold water or the soil, and fuel-cells releasing electricity by the combination of hydrogen with oxygen. "It is rather like counting our small change," said a British delegate to me as we ticked the items off.

Certainly it seemed so as we listened to the experts from Russia—and Communist China (whose equivocal status was discreetly ignored). The Russians explained (and there were slide-rules out to check them) that in 1955 they had produced 170 thousand million kilowatt-hours of electricity—87 per cent more than in 1950. In five years, they claimed, there would be a further increase of 320 thousand million kilowatt-hours. The Kuibishev and Stalingrad hydro-electric stations on the Volga will, each of them, be bigger than America's biggest, Grand Coulee. Each will give a bigger output than the original estimate of the total supply from *all* the British atomic stations to be built in the next ten years. And they are only a fraction of the hydro-electric schemes now under way. By 1960, the U.S.S.R. will be generating from hydro-electric stations alone more than the present total of British electrical output from all sources.

The representatives of Communist China made a last-minute intervention; they had not supplied conference papers in advance, but they arrived with ample quantities in German, French and English. And so we had news of the gigantic TVA-type project which China is to undertake in the Yellow River Valley, which flows for 3,000 miles and periodically breaks loose. One flood in 1938 dispossessed 12,500,000 people and cost 890,000 lives. With, it was stated, technical assistance from the U.S.S.R., this river is to be harnessed, to control the floods, provide irrigation for 20 million acres, improve navigation and to produce 110 thousand million kilowatt-hours—ten times the total electricity generated in all China in 1954. There are to be 46 dams, although only five of them will be completed by 1967. But the Yellow River is the muddiest river in the entire world, and the engineering works are to be accompanied by vast soil-conservancy and re-afforestation schemes to stop the erosion and prevent silting up of the dams.

This vast scheme impressed the power-engineers (there was substantial evidence in the Chinese documents to prove that they knew what they were about) but they were fascinated by an even more spectacular Asian scheme—for Tibet. This was proposed by Professor Hans Thirring, the Austrian who first made public the scientific possibilities of the H-bomb in 1946. He suggested a consortium of Tibet, China, India and Pakistan to exploit the largest concentration of usable water-power in the world. The nub of the scheme is a hairpin bend on the Tsangpo River, which flows into the Brahmaputra. Between each end of that hairpin, the drop is a mile and a quarter, and Professor Thirring proposed to short-cut the bend by a tunnel 10 miles long. Through this would pour, to a generating station, the world's greatest cataract. He estimated that the electricity capacity would be between 150,000 million kilowatt-hours and 330,000 million kwh. The top figure is a quarter of all the electrical energy produced in the world—from one station! He insisted that this would be sufficient not only to electrify and industrialise Tibet, but to export ample power to the surrounding countries. With their share, he said, Assam and Bengal could produce five times as much aluminium as the whole world does today. Civil engineers and hydro-electric experts guessed that this scheme would cost about £3,000 million—an intimidating figure until you consider that Britain is going to spend £300 million in the next ten years on atomic power stations which will produce a small fraction of the Tsangpo energy.

What with a 2,000-mile pipe line projected to carry the natural gas now being dissipated in the Middle East across Europe to Paris; gas-grids for western Europe; projects for harnessing steam from the bowels of the earth and schemes for hydro-electricity in unlikely places, the Fifth World Power Conference was a reminder that atomic energy is only a contributory source of power. But most of all, the conference showed that new "power-blocs" are emerging and they are not political, although they will, in turn, determine the economics and politics of the future.

RITCHIE CALDER

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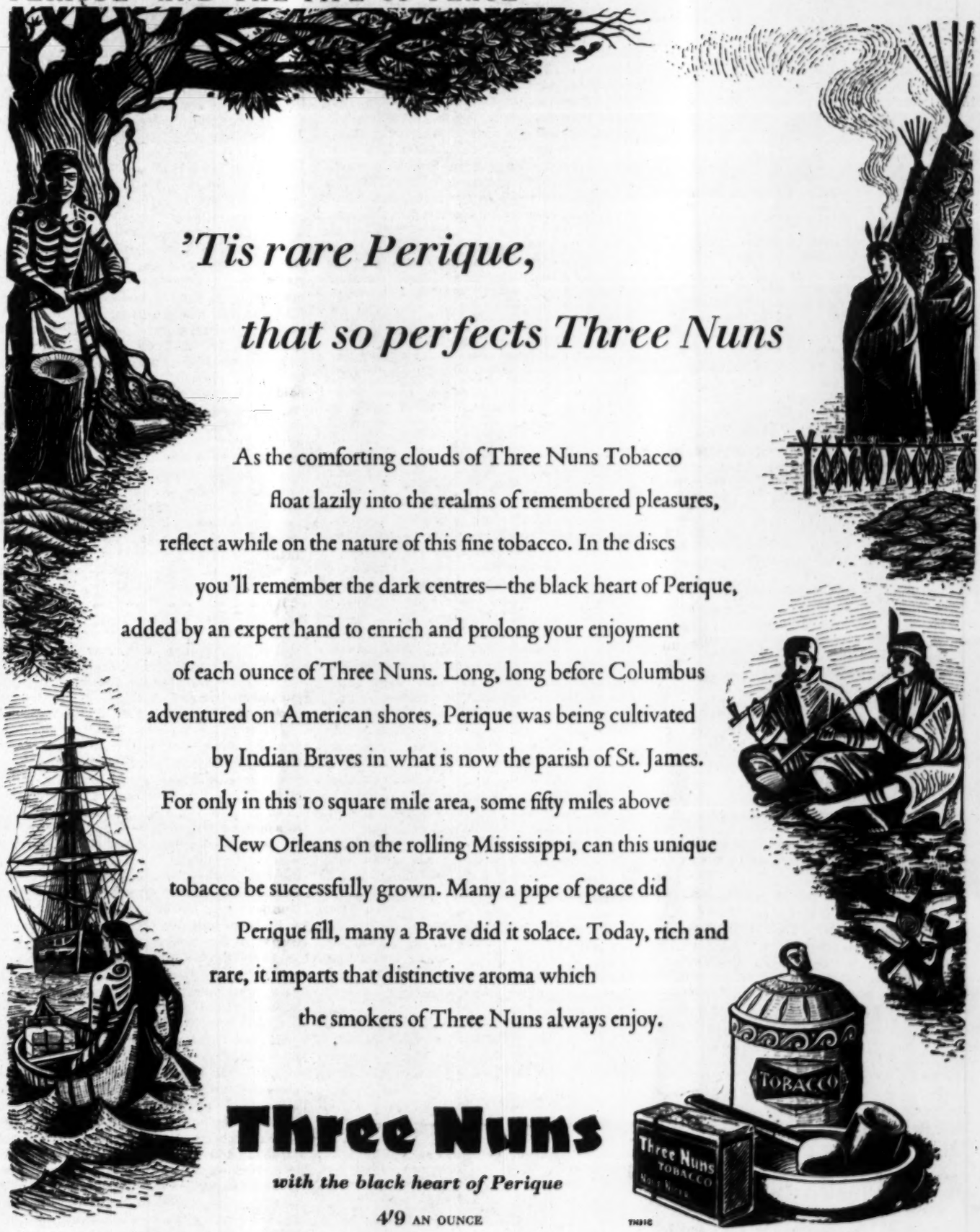
White Tile or Red Plush?

IT is now 20 years ago since Lord Peter Wimsey popped the question to Miss Harriet Vane bang under the Warden of New College's windows. "*'Placetne magistra?'—'Placet!'*" (how that dreadful scene sticks in the memory!). Some months later, after drawing up settlements and negotiating for a house in Audley Square ("eight servants, besides Bunter and the housekeeper"), Lord Peter having taken one more trip to Rome to appease Mussolini, they got married (October 8, 1936, at St. Cross, Oxford, Harriet in gold lamé, escorted by four female dons from Shrewsbury College, Peter "terribly white, poor darling"), and went off for a honeymoon in a Tudor cottage, accompanied by Bunter and two and a half dozen of vintage port, only to find a corpse in the cellar their first married morning (v. *Busman's Honeymoon*, 1937, Chapter VI).

Emotionally, it had been hard going for Lord Peter ever since *Strong Poison*. Though he never achieved Jacob's double figure, five and a half years is a long time to wait for a woman, even with a tidy amount of felony in between. Not that Miss Sayers meant us to suppose that he had been celibate during that time. All over the series there are strewn leers, nudges, the unslyest of asides, hinting that Lord Peter was a hell of a fellow in bed. (One remembers that gem from his Lordship's stream of consciousness in *Busman's Honeymoon*: "He remembered that it had once been said of *'ce blond cadet de famille ducale anglaise'*—said, too, by a lady who had every opportunity of judging—that *'il tenait son lit en Grand Monarque et s'y demenait au Grand Turc'*.") Bunter "had seen one lady threatened with dismissal from his lordship's service (including all emoluments and the enjoy-

PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE



'Tis rare Perique,

that so perfects Three Nuns

As the comforting clouds of Three Nuns Tobacco float lazily into the realms of remembered pleasures, reflect awhile on the nature of this fine tobacco. In the discs you'll remember the dark centres—the black heart of Perique, added by an expert hand to enrich and prolong your enjoyment of each ounce of Three Nuns. Long, long before Columbus adventured on American shores, Perique was being cultivated by Indian Braves in what is now the parish of St. James. For only in this 10 square mile area, some fifty miles above New Orleans on the rolling Mississippi, can this unique tobacco be successfully grown. Many a pipe of peace did Perique fill, many a Brave did it solace. Today, rich and rare, it imparts that distinctive aroma which the smokers of Three Nuns always enjoy.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

4/9 AN OUNCE

THI16

ment of an *appartement meublé*, Ave. Kléber) for having, in his presence, unreasonably lost her temper with a lady's maid." And you remember that plane dash to New York to interview the world-famous courtesan, when his brother, the sixteenth duke, was on trial for his life in the Upper House (v. *Clouds of Witness*, p. 175).

> "Mademoiselle, I have scoured two continents in search of you."
>
> "*Voyons*, then, it is urgent. But be quick, for the big bear may come in and be grumpy, and I do not like *des histoires*."
>
> There had been a lamp on a low table; he remembered the gleam through the haze of short gold hair. She was a tall girl, but slender, looking up at him from the huge black-and-gold cushions.
>
> "Mademoiselle, it is incredible to me that you should ever—dine or dance—with a person called Van Humperdinck."
>
> Now what had possessed him to say that—when there was so little time, and Jerry's affairs were of such importance?

"In the course of a misspent life," he told Harriet, "I have learned that it is a gentleman's first duty to remember who it was he took to bed with him."

Re-reading Miss Sayers again this week*, I remembered how we loved it all at thirteen, and how sophisticated we felt on the train that took us back to the grim Warwickshire prep school (only, alas, for the first 30 minutes: dark thoughts began to gather at High Wycombe, misery enveloped us at Banbury, nausea at Leamington Spa, where the Lincoln Imp mascot on the bonnet of the Head's Bentley in the station yard drove all thoughts of Lord Peter's mayhem clean out of our heads). Lord Peter struck it rich in the sexual imaginings of my generation. His *dicta* preceded the chivalrous infantilism of G.K.C. (the white nights of an adolescent flirting with Rome) by about one year. Later came the snigger at Margot Metroland's bordels in *Decline and Fall*, the smoking-room guffaws in one's study at the amatory exploits of Messrs. Calamy, Gumbril and the rest of Mr. Huxley's misfits, and a year and a half after that a sense of wonder and excitement accompanying the shadows that moved behind the blinds in Bloomsbury up in Jacob's Room. All that is by the by. For, of course, we enjoyed Miss Sayers's stories themselves egregiously, revelling in the Bradshawmanship of *The Five Red Herrings*, the campanology and fen-flooding in *The Nine Tailors*, Puffett, the comic sweep in *Busman's Honeymoon*, the Duke's trial scene in the Lords, the Mitfordian splendours of Duke's Denver, the tramps and gigolos of *Have His Carcase*. I am afraid we even delighted in that dreadful capping of literary quotations.

In a sense, my generation grew up with Lord Peter. We came in at the First Act with that sad assortment of First World War crocks grouped round the Bellona Club—"Tin-Tummy Challoner", the one-armed club secretary, the shell-shocked wine waiters, Captain George Fentiman (gassed by the Boche)—all marching past the Cenotaph, with their wives out at work, paying 4s. in the £ income tax. We watched him, ever so gradually, shed his Bertie Woosterism, his "monocle" (a bad non-W slip-up here: Mr. Anthony Powell tells me the word should never be used; the correct term is "eyeglass"), his *Punch* (Old Version) art-jokery and his terrible witticisms ("*Au contraire*, as the man said in the Bay of Biscay when they asked if he'd dined"). As we aged, Lord Peter grew almost wholly serious. By *Gaudy Night* the only traits remaining from the old unregenerate bachelor Wimsey were his taste in port and his passion for incunabula.

Meanwhile, unknown to us innocents, Time's death-watch beetle was ticking away, and at length she struck. In December, 1937, Mrs. Q. D. Leavis pronounced sentence of excommunication from Chesterton Road, Cambridge (v. "The Case of Miss Dorothy Sayers": *Scrutiny*, Vol. vi, No. 3). From Calvin's Geneva rather, for the essence of the Leavisite *critique*, which, with the best intentions in the world, has done its splendid worst to ruin the enjoyment of English literature for two generations, is a holier-than-thou puritanism of spirit that derives from that most godly and disastrous of European cities.

Here, in an essay remarkable for its vintage vinegariness, are some of the things that Mrs. Leavis found to say of those lost loves of our youth:

> . . . (there can hardly be any reader of Donne beside Miss Sayers who could wish to have his poetry associated with Lord Peter's feelings). Impressive literary excerpts, generally 17th century (a period far-off, whose prose ran to a pleasing quaintness and whose literature and thought are notoriously now in fashion) head each chapter. . . .
>
> You may be as immoral and disillusioned as Lord Peter, and in fact immorality, etc., are rather fetching qualities and humorous too, but you MUST go to church and be married in it and whether you are intellectual, nudist or hard-up, your frock MUST be well-cut—this seems to be the moral burden of these books. . . .
>
> It is time that a realistic account of the older universities was put into circulation. . . .
>
> But which is really worse, to be unscholarly or to pass writers like Miss Sayers? Mistakes about Carlyle are not a menace to civilisation.

This is snide with a vengeance—an unwieldy sledgehammer brought out to crush a butterfly. The only thing to be said for it is that Mrs. Leavis writes so much better than her husband.

Why make all this fuss about Miss Sayers—and about an article published almost two decades ago? Simply because I believe that the *Gaudy Night* and *Scrutiny* of 1937 were the prefigurement of our present literary discontents. For consider our position now. However it may be with the sciences, in the humanities we are certainly in a ripe state of triviality. (The brouha-ha raised by Mr. Wilson's *The Outsider* provides what Mrs. Leavis would call effective proof of that proposition.) We are all moving rapidly into a world of drabs and dolls. On the literary Left are the sourpusses, the killjoys, the wheyfaced hatchetmen, the inside outsiders, the outsized leg-pullers, the unlucky Jims and the rest of the sad, bad hocus-pocus. On the Right—dear Heaven, how strange it looks!—Miss Nancy Mitford has only to write a gay, light-hearted, off-the-cuff essay on English behaviour to send the sales of *Encounter* rocketing (a thing which the united brains and energy of Earl Russell, Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, Mr. Philip Toynbee, Professor Ayer, Mr. Arthur Koestler, Uncle Tom Fyvel and the rest of our progressive heavyweights had signally failed to do) and to have the entire upper crust of the British intelligentsia kept awake at night, salivating like Pavlov's dogs in an agony of indecision about its social status.

As Harriet Vane read when she took up Burton's *Anatomy*: "*Fleat Heraclitus an rideat Democritus?* in attempting to speak of these symptoms shall I laugh with Democritus or weep with Heraclitus? They are so ridiculous and absurd on the one side, so lamentable and tragical on the other." Miss Sayers and Mrs. Leavis are the dim precursors of our present awful dichotomy. In Mr. John Osborne's play, *Look Back in Anger*, the young woman explains that her husband is "not even redbrick, only white tile." Drabs or dolls, white tile or red plush? Must it really be one or the other? And if so, under which flag?

JOHN RAYMOND

* *The New Sayers Omnibus: The Five Red Herrings, Have His Carcase, Murder Must Advertise.* By DOROTHY L. SAYERS. *Gollancz.* 15s.

Fleet Street Notebook

THIS is a moment, I hope, for gladness. The press—or at least one important section of it, the rest, no doubt, will follow—is catching up with television. Conscious, one imagines, of its pioneering heritage as the inheritor of *Tit-Bits*, the true begetter of the twentieth-century revolution in popular journalism, the firm of Newnes is planning a new challenge in the market for women's magazines, currently the most profitable field of journalistic enterprise. It is already satisfactorily established there with one paper, *Woman's Own* ("The paper more than a quarter of all the women in Britain read") whose sales approach 2,500,000 copies a week and which pulls in all the advertising it wants at around £1,500 a page. But, as is only proper in view of its past, Newnes has its eyes on the future. It has decided to launch in September a new women's weekly designed to keep pace with "the increasing sophistication of women in the wage-earning groups." The operative word in this expression of ideal purpose is "sophistication." No doubt that is why the new paper will be called *Mirabelle*. But what is more to the point is that it will also turn its back firmly on the habit of expecting sophisticated readers to do anything so unsophisticated as read.

The new paper is now being shown in "dummy" form to entranced advertisers. Its distinction is that its articles and stories will be presented in the form of "vividly drawn pictures" reproduced in gravure on glossy paper—fit subject for the attention of the most sophisticated devotee of I.T.V. Those who wish to follow—and who could not—the adventures of the talented and well-developed heroine of its top-line serial "Journey to Romance" (SEE what she does . . . READ how she feels) will require the minimal command of words.

Mirabelle is not quite the first to set its sights on the new market of non-readers. The Amalgamated Press, over which Lord Camrose presides when the *Daily Telegraph* does not need his attention, started last year a women's weekly, *Marilyn* (like model gowns and perfumes the newest journalism goes in for Christian names) which very largely depends on a comic strip technique. But *Mirabelle* will be a much glossier and more sophisticated—how that word slips in—job than *Marilyn* and is certain, according to its proud promoters, "to set a new fashion in romantic weeklies." It is aiming initially at a sale of 700,000, but is expected soon to soar far beyond that to its proper place among the millions. Its progress will be watched with fascinated interest by the members of the Women's Press Club who face the prospect of having to throw away their typewriters and take up drawing.

This development in women's journalism is symptomatic of the times in more ways than one. At the moment the market for glossy journals appealing to women is the one market that still appears capable of practically limitless expansion—a fact that advertising agents are carefully noting in drawing up their schedules. As a result such journals are now taking away large chunks of advertising revenue from all but the most successful popular dailies. They are doing so, moreover, at a time when hire-purchase restrictions, the credit squeeze, tighter domestic budgeting because of the rise in the cost of living, and a general feeling of economic uncertainty are badly eroding the sands on which mass press advertising rests. Confidence in the immutability of progress and ever-rising consumer demand is

the things they say!

Why did the gateman demand our matches and lighters?

Because some of the chemicals they make here are highly inflammable — and they're not even taking risks with casual visitors like you and me.

I get your point. With all these gases and acids about, it's pretty obvious that there must be a lot of accidents.

Not at all! Take I.C.I. — one of the big companies in the chemical business. They're very keen on Accident Prevention — keep records, in fact, of every mishap that occurs.

Keep them a secret, too, I expect!

Not at all. The figures are published quarterly, and what do you think they show?

Something rather staggering?

Yes, indeed. The average works out at less than one accident for every 100,000 man-hours worked in I.C.I. factories — and 100,000 hours is one man's entire working life.

Yes, but that figure would surely be for serious accidents only.

Wrong again. To I.C.I., 'accident' means any occurrence that keeps a man off any shift beyond the one in which it happened — a sprained ankle, for instance.

You seem to have it all off pat.

Well, I work for I.C.I. as it happens, and I know that some of our plants have operated for 2,000,000 man-hours without a single accident!

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

a little faded. A year or two ago advertisers were ready to take practically any space offered to them. Even a few months ago they were for the most part glad to enter into long-term advertising contracts. They are now much less so. Advertising canvassers are finding life tougher than for nearly two decades. Many smaller magazines are finding it difficult to make ends meet. And several newspapers are sadly watching their budget estimates knocked to blazes as, instead of the long-term contracts of the past, advertising agents insist on booking no more than a month or two ahead—after hard persuading.

This does not trouble the successful. To those that have, more accumulates. Thus the *Daily Mirror* was able to raise its advertising rates by 12½ per cent. some time back and still find advertisers lining up, and the *Daily Express* has no difficulty in selling all the advertising space it wants to at £25 a column inch or £3,000 for a half-page. Even the *Mail* (with a circulation only approximately half that of the *Express* but with a long-established reputation among advertisers) is doing big business at £3,250 a page and its shedding of a million or so readers has in no way affected the ability of the *News of the World* to charge and get the highest rates in the business at the fantastic figure of £35 an inch. But apart from such giants it is only the women's journals that bring a real gleam to the advertiser's eye. The most successful of them, Odhams' *Woman*, now commands well over £2,000 a page and carries thirty or more pages of advertising in a single issue. Whether Newnes proves right or wrong in its judgment that the next move lies with the non-readers, women's journalism seems likely to play an ever bigger part in determining the future of the press. There is no stopping the monstrous regiment.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Pillar of Salt

ALBERT MEMMI

Introduction by Albert Camus

"'*The Pillar of Salt*' is clearly autobiographical, a sort of African-Jewish 'Father and Son'. But in his intensely vivid reconstruction of the Tunis ghetto, squalid, degraded, yet redeemed by the intensity of its life, and in his remarkable portraits of an older generation, Memmi reveals a true novelist's gift. . . . It is the ruthless honesty with which the hero examines his own behaviour which gives the book its peculiar distinction."
MARIE SCOTT-JAMES in the *Sunday Times*.

"This work will stand on its own as a testament of human sorrow." *Washington Post*.

"A searching, unforgettable picture of the poverty of North Africa today."
New York Times.

16s. *net*.

Harvest of Hate

LEON POLIAKOV

The documented history of the Nazi extermination campaign.

"It is only by reading such books as *Harvest of Hate* that we may be able to avoid reaping the harvest of oblivion."
LORD RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL.

"This book, which will never die, is a reflection of the brutality inherent in our nature. The shadow of this immense cross will lie for ever across all our human hopes and dreams."
FRANÇOIS MAURIAC.

Illustrated 21s. *net*.

14 Great James Street London, W.C.1

ELEK BOOKS

The Arts and Entertainment

After Armstrong

LOUIS ARMSTRONG has come and gone, and few critics have had the courage to point out that the emperor, though demonstrably owning the most splendid clothes, was wearing very few of them. We cannot blame him. To play the trumpet as Armstrong does is a physical feat comparable to playing a game of football. A man in his middle fifties, compelled by show business into the killing routine of twice-nightly performances and a succession of one-night stands, would be a fool if he did not husband himself. In a rational society Armstrong would be allowed to do his best at two or three monthly concerts, like any other great and elderly artist; but our treatment of great popular artists is not rational. And why, after all, should he not let an energetic trombonist like Trummy Young and the admirable (and less strenuous) clarinet of Edmond Hall make the running, confining himself to ensemble work, to a few tranquil bars of solo, and to singing and clowning? No doubt his conscience was clear. Simply to see and hear Armstrong in the flesh was, for many of us, worth the money. To hear a sextet of first-rate musicians playing passionately, but quite relaxed, was an invaluable lesson for British players. "How shall I blow my trumpet?" Gabriel asks the Lord in James Weldon Johnson's *God's Trombones*. "Play it calm and easy," says the Lord. We do not hear much playing of this sort in Britain.

Nevertheless, the Armstrong concerts were disappointing. Is this inevitable? The question is important, for, after some twenty years of inter-union dispute, we are at last likely to hear American jazz orchestras in the flesh again: there is talk of Duke Ellington and Lionel Hampton in the autumn.

Jazz concerts are paradoxical occasions. Jazz is played and sung because the artists enjoy it, though the right kind of atmosphere helps them into a good mood. So long as musicians played for the traditional negro audience which took their music as it came, no problem arose. Later, when they played in private "jam sessions" to please themselves—since they earned their living by playing popular dance-music which they despised—they were at least masters of their own moods. So, in a sense, is the *avant-garde* of the "cool" musicians today, who have no commercial public for their attempts to marry jazz with Schoenberg and Bartok, and would sometimes be unhappy if they had. But since the middle Nineteen-Thirties jazz itself has, in one way or another, become a paying proposition, and audiences insist on hearing the spontaneous, felt, improvised music of good moods and jam sessions at fixed hours on floodlit platforms; a demand which is as unrealistic as that which faces poet laureates.

It cannot be done. Or, rather, it can be done only by certain types of jazz which adapt themselves to the exigencies of an artificial situation; normally by laying down a barrage of simple, repetitive, rocking rhythm and noise which drives the audience into a frenzy and may thus generate something like a mood in which the individual artist can let himself go. The "Swing" and "Kansas City" styles of big band jazz relied on this method, and the trick has been consciously exploited by the most successful of jazz impresarios, Norman Granz, in his "Jazz at the Philharmonic" groups. But it can't be done for classical New Orleans jazz with its clear melodies which do not readily support too many repetitive short phrases ("riffs") and its delicate interweaving of improvisations. The best we can expect in public are arranged performances, technically brilliant but uncreative, and perhaps, with luck, an occasional momentary spark.

Is there, then, no solution to the problem of jazz concerts except to import only groups whose style lends itself to the platform? Perhaps not, but something at least might be done. Artists should not be made to play in mortuaries like the Albert and Empress Halls; they could play in the more congenial atmosphere of ballrooms and clubs. But, alas, the economics of show business will not allow great stars to do this, for British managements can normally only pay their exorbitant fees and make a profit by booking the vastest halls and cramming in the maximum number of performances. Under the circumstances the best policy might well be for British agents to import not the top-liners, but some of the excellent but less expensive men who abound in the U.S.A., and who might perform under more acceptable conditions.

Meanwhile the British jazz-lover will have to return to his records. He will not regret it. In the recording studio it is easier today to create a good mood than in most other places, at any rate with an intelligent recording supervisor and a few bottles of drink. The musicians play for themselves and one another, for their wives and girls, and perhaps for a few technicians. There is room for experiment and criticism; the excitement of hearing oneself on the tape. No doubt the mass of recordings are also routine affairs, but with good will and management the indefinable atmosphere can be created which every listener recognises as the real thing: as on the splendid Mezzrow-Ladnier-Bechet sessions of 1938 (HMV DLP 1110) organised by the French critic H. Panassié, or on at least part of the recently released "Blues and . . ." by the notable singer and guitarist Josh White (Pye-Nixa NJL 2). The best recording is inferior to first-rate live jazz. But, in spite of the impending return of the Americans, how many of us can hope to hear much genuinely first-rate live jazz?

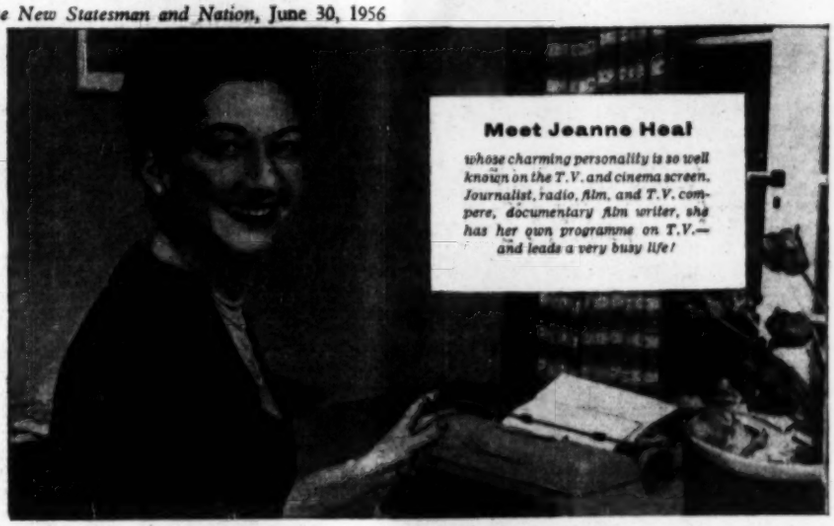
FRANCIS NEWTON

Rebeyrolle and Picasso

PAUL REBEYROLLE'S paintings at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street, are as shocking as works of very great talent or genius are bound to be in our present confusion. Oh, of course they confirm all our theories and justify our enthusiasm for his two earlier London exhibitions. The Realists have claimed that a humble return to nature would automatically produce a style that had absolutely nothing in common with 19th-century naturalism. And this show also proves our contention that literary sentimentality is entirely a question of attitude, not of subject matter—here is a canvas of a child nuzzling an ewe whose lamb has died, that categorically denies every hazy association of that theme.

And so we might now continue with a little justified smugness and keep our critical dignity by adding a few minor criticisms. Are the gawky movements of that kid's front legs not a little improbable? Is it not rather superficial to include a palette in a still-life and to represent the crinkled mounds of paint on it by crinkled mounds of paint on the canvas? Then we could go on to the wise generalisation: it is always more difficult for a young artist (Rebeyrolle is only 29) to paint an idyll than a tragedy, and the paintings here of birds and tomato plants in the sun are far less tense than such pictures as *The Child with his Dead Dog*. And finally we could end up with a topical observation: it seems that in French art and literature today a concern with the relationship between humans and animals is being used by several artists as an indirect comment on the human condition and the need for a kind of unsentimental steely compassion.

But then why is this show shocking and why would such criticism be inadequate? Because these paintings, despite the fact that Rebeyrolle has had to fight for his life as an artist against the Parisian academy of formalism, vindicate all


Meet Jeanne Heal
whose charming personality is so well known on the T.V. and cinema screen. Journalist, radio, film, and T.V. compere, documentary film writer, she has her own programme on T.V.—and leads a very busy life!

BIG, FREE COMPETITION

FREE HOLIDAYS ABROAD! · £50 CASH PRIZE

5 BRAND NEW REMINGTON PORTABLES

'I like this new Remington competition,' says JEANNE HEAL. 'It's fair; it's easy: it's more than a guessing game. Intelligence really does count. Yours could quite easily win you one of these big prizes!'

WHAT YOU DO. Get a free entry form from your local Remington dealer. You'll find Jeanne Heal is one of six celebrities supporting this competition who all use Remington portables. You have to guess who owns which Remington—just by recognising their hands on a Remington. And you're given clues! *Then* write up to 50 words telling why you'd choose a Remington. Your dealer will help you with a free demonstration of the latest models.

Whose hands? Whose REMINGTON

This week in

The Listener

The Commonwealth Conference
BRUCE MILLER

Marshal Tito and the Kremlin
RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS

How Can Inflation Be Halted?
W. B. REDDAWAY

High-Speed Aircraft and the Heat Barrier
E. J. RICHARDS

I Remember
LADY VIOLET BONHAM CARTER

G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc
HESKETH PEARSON

The Dutch Reformed Church and Apartheid
B. B. KEET

Easements: an Expanding Concept
A BARRISTER

A BBC Publication. Every Thursday 4d.

Why are tape recorders so widely used?

Well now, take a cross section of the community . . .

For the family a tape recorder provides an album in sound; Father's speech at John's wedding, baby's first words, little Susan's "recitation", all the family memories.

The music lover, whether he is a teenage jazz fan or a mature Beethoven lover, finds that Grundig provides his music perfectly,—and economically. He changes his taped music library to suit his changing taste simply by recording new sound on the existing tape.

The singer or instrumentalist finds that a Grundig improves his technique, provides accompaniments that are always available, unvarying in pitch and tempo.

The lawyer uses his Grundig to take complicated statements from witnesses, the doctor to record telephone messages from his patients when he is on his rounds. The business man's Grundig—during the week records dictation, conferences, and telephone calls—and goes home with him for the week-end.

Language teachers use Grundigs; speech therapists, psychiatrists, public figures, teachers, actors and artists, even children at school.

The truth is that all kinds of people use Grundig tape recorders for reasons as varied as the varied walks of life in any cross section of the community.

Model TK.5
Price **52 gns.**
including microphone
Attractive H.P. terms

★ ★ ★ **WRITE NOW FOR A COPY OF THIS FREE FOLDER**

GRUNDIG (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD., DEPT. NS.
39/41 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Name .....

Address .....

(Electronics Division, Gas Purification and Chemical Co. Ltd.) GD285

the remote studio-laboratory experiments of the last eighty years, many of which we have belittled.

Looking at a painting like that of the mother, child and lamb in a stable, one realises that Rebeyrolle has turned every picture he has examined since Courbet to his own account—not because he is an eclectic, but in the same spirit as a man facing his own original crisis may draw strength from seemingly unimportant events that he has witnessed, half-finished conversations, gestures which seemed trivial in their time, the examples of men he had never fully known or remembered. Here are the consequences of Impressionism and of those more recent works in which artists like de Staël have tried to make a canvas into a cobble yard of light: here are the consequences of Cubism in the way an animal's shin is seen to turn: here are Kandinsky's flying colours in the pink accent of a lamb's ear: here is Gauguin in the casual gesture made hieratic: here is Picasso in the face of the child that peers through the paling fence with which we separate him in the name of childhood: here are Gris and Mondrian, the Futurists and the Surrealists—indeed, here are so many consequences that to name them all can only become a clever-stupid game. What it all amounts to is that here is a scene in a French stable or here is a trout rising to catch a fly and breaking the pane of the water's surface, seen by a truly mid-twentieth-century artist who, despite every fashionable incitement to the contrary, has forgotten himself.

For an artist to forget himself is dangerous because art *is* self-conscious, and to ignore this can lead to every kind of technical and emotional slovenliness. Yet since today there is no social tradition in which the artist can lose himself with safeguards, he must either run this risk or be destroyed by Personality. Rebeyrolle is surviving: his skill is taut and immense, his emotions, except in a couple of pictures, are controlled. But when the visitor complains at the large, ungainly size of these pictures or at their preoccupation with the physical aspects of birth and death, he should remember the price that has to be paid today for unselfconsciousness, simplicity, naivety or whatever we chose to call a fervour which forgets its effects. The pictures are large to defy the connoisseur who may be the guardian of the arts but is also their tamer. They accept the peasant's scale of values and offend the urban sensibility that quite falsely considers them "horrific", perhaps partly because Rebeyrolle is of peasant origin, but, far more importantly, because peasant life offers the most likely context for unselfconsciousness, for some form of integration. This may be a heavy price for it could be argued that it is a socially retrogressive step and an easy way out of the artist's dilemma. But don't let us be too certain . . . the modern painter of genius must camouflage himself as skilfully as the trout.

This question of the artist's dilemma is also what dominates the large Picasso exhibition of graphic art at the Arts Council. The show ranges from 1906 to the present and has been very well selected. All the different styles are there for investigation—the Blue, the Rose, the Negro, the Cubist, the Classic, the Surrealist, the Guernica and the recent Arcadian. All the evidence of Picasso's amazing technical virtuosity in the technique of etching and lithography is also there to stun. But because graphic works are often more direct and intimate than paintings, and because their black and white similarity is stronger than their stylistic differences, it is easy to see the continuity of Picasso's development in this show. The eyes are the same behind all the different masks, and behind the eyes is Picasso's permanent dilemma. Last year I wrote that Picasso's essential genius was similar to that of a mimic, of a constantly changing ironic improviser. If this is true, it is the result of his conflict, for on one hand Picasso has truly prodigious gifts and on the other hand he has never been entirely able to accept himself as an artist. This sounds like defeat, but because his doubts are so typical of the modern artist and because Picasso has expressed them so fully by *working*—whereas most express them by not working—he has achieved, at least for us, greatness. The causes of the dilemma are fundamentally social: the artist cannot accept himself because he is not accepted. Yet it is also far more complex than would appear and leads to the question of whether art, which as we understand it today is so conscious an affair, can ever be born of happiness and abundance instead of lack and loss. The immortal incomplete artist beside the mortal complete man—this is Picasso's recurring theme. The sculptor chisels instead of enjoying his model. The poet-lovers search for images in one another's eyes instead of each other. A woman's head is drawn in a dozen different ways, is almost endlessly improvised upon, because no single representation can do her living justice. And then at other times, and particularly in the second half of his life, Picasso reverses his comment and comparison, and contrasts the artist's always new, fresh imagination with his ageing body. The old man and the young girl, Beauty and the Beast, Beauty and the Minotaur on one level: but on another it is the same theme of the self-same artist and man being unable to accept each other's roles.

JOHN BERGER

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J. B. PRIESTLEY

which begins in Sunday's

REYNOLDS NEWS

Sport is King

SURPRISINGLY, only commercial television showed the Victoria Cross centenary parade in Hyde Park on Tuesday morning. It was done with a dignity worthy of the BBC, and with apt Victorian allusions in comment and picture. Thinking this once-in-a-century royal review pre-eminently the sort of "national occasion" that would be on both channels, and would especially be the BBC's cup of tea, I made inquiries of the BBC and got the surely rather non-U, or ITVish, answer: "It's the pressure on our units. We're doing tennis, cricket and golf. . . ." The BBC did, however, film the review for the larger TV audience in the evening, and broadcast it live on the Light Programme; so that I was able to enjoy the piquant pleasure of turning down the sound on my TV set and listening to Mr. Dimbleby at his most juicily reverent commentating a commercial programme—and of hearing him remark twice that he couldn't see whom the Queen was talking to (which we could).

In any case, sport really is favourite. There must be a good deal of sit-down truancy among office-workers and housewives just now; and, unlike the boy who used to have to bury his grandmother, the executive with a TV set in his office has merely to tell his secretary that he doesn't want to be disturbed.

Some months ago I said that boxing provided the most compulsive of all television. It must now yield, I think, to first-class lawn tennis. Having started work very early on Monday morning, I was hoping for a short nap after luncheon and lay down with *The Times*. But the TV set is at the foot of the bed, and I had switched it on "with automatic hand"; and for the rest of the afternoon Wimbledon held me in a waking hypnosis, sleep and the crossword forgotten. It is so completely enthralling that one catches oneself foolishly exclaiming aloud—"Whew!" or "God!" or even, when a player serves into the net, "Damn!" It is so fast that, if one ever glances away, there is a roar from the crowd: one has missed something; and taking notes is like trying to report a speech by Mr. Leslie Hale, MP, in longhand.

From time to time I switched from one channel to the other; for some of the afternoon the BBC and A-R TV were broadcasting the same matches. I could see no difference in the quality of the pictures. The commentators on both channels were excellent: unpompous and sufficiently informative. I liked best ITV's Fred Perry, with

his agreeable American accent and informal style: "Flam's the one player that everyone's afraid of—he's very difficult to play against, he has all sorts of chops and slices and wiggles"; and "The old head again—he had our friend Flam scampering all over the place then"; and "See how little they take [between games] of water or orange or black-currant juice, I don't know what it is"; and "Krishnan's just reeling off the points like shelling peas." Another American commentator on ITV, the teen-age veteran Miss Maureen Connolly, had an unexpectedly pungent "bite."

On the other hand, interruptions by the commercials were more irritating than they are in less fascinating programmes. I am assured that they came in only between matches or sets, not actually during play, so that was no real risk of missing a master shot; but, once or twice, play seemed to have begun again before a bunch of ads was done with. . . .

("There's a slight delay while a goods train goes by"—chuff-chuff, clankety clankety chuff—"just outside Sunningdale station." Sorry, this is golf. An engine hoots. BBC commentator: "*Incessant* activity by British Railways during this tournament." A perfect shot by Hogan on to the short edge of the green. I happen to dislike golf, but it's difficult to keep one's eyes off that miraculously obedient or maddeningly self-willed little white ball: only two inches short, just now. If this article is even more incoherent than usual, it's because it is being written during the VC review and the Canada Cup Championship and a Test Match at Lord's.)

. . . as I was saying, about commercials during Wimbledon: the first interruption I encountered was in aid of a depilatory, a detergent, and a barley-water. Only one of the advertisers concerned (the third) had given his advert a topical, Wimbledon slant. More might be done in this way: they know in advance, after all, when they book the time. There are, however, difficulties: I suppose we couldn't have been shown a lady tennis champion using a depilatory. Occasionally, there are unintentional aptnesses: on ITV's big inaugural evening last September, a commercial of brown ale interrupted Jack Solomons's boxing programme, and just as the glass was drained we got back to the ringside—to see a boxer, in his corner, spit emphatically in his bucket. . . .

("*Hahzah!*"; or, as we used to say at Borstal, "How is that?" BBC commentator: "Australia's right on the attack, of course. Look at these slips there." Sorry, this is cricket. The warm-day buzz, the sun-and-shade on a stout umpire's white coat, an aircraft overhead. Another commentator, an Australian, apologises for being new to this: TV, he mentions in passing, is to begin in Australia this year, in time for the Olympic Games. "That's an odd field he's got there: he's got two slips. . . . That's rather a remarkable incident—I've never seen anybody field so close to the stumps as that, on the leg side.")

. . . anyway, just to finish Wimbledon: the defeat of Drobny by Krishnan, a nineteen-year-old economics student from Madras, was the kind of occasion for which the debased word "epic" should have been reserved, and one of the most exciting sporting events that I have ever seen. I am grateful to have seen it in comfort, away from the hay-feverish heat of Wimbledon.

* * *

Last Sunday's *Brains Trust* was made notable by the participation of Mr. Cyril Connolly, looking noble, grave, and passionless, the Buddha of the west. The team discussed the high mortality of little magazines: it might, I thought, have been made clearer than it was that the *London Magazine* has not yet actually stopped publication and indeed could yet be saved if, say, a half of one per cent. of BBC viewers started buying it. On the dislike of television expressed by intellectuals, Mr. Connolly opined that it was attributable to the intellectual's strong sense of self-preservation, of customary forms, and of the permanence of his art: he mistrusts a new form in which many works are unscripted and therefore perish. But "the best kind of intellectual enjoys perishing."

On ITV there was a terrifying glimpse of Mr. Strijdom, prodded by Robin Day into an arrogant claim to be the protector of "our Christian western civilisation"; and in *The Jack Jackson Show* there were pleasant glimpses of Shirley Abicair folk-zithering "Hey, Willie" and Humphrey Lyttelton (mis-spelt on the credit-title) playing "Bad Penny Blues. . .".

("Oh . . . *oh!* He's dropped it! Langley dropped it. Well, well . . . Brian Johnston says that's the first catch he's ever seen Langley drop. That's a bit of luck for England . . . Now he's just apologising to Keith. Keith says 'Forget it.' Forget it!")

Play stopped article.

TOM DRIBERG

Late Flowering Hitchcock

CRIME goes on not paying, and this week takes us from Morocco to London, then to Paris, and back to London. Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (Plaza) is a re-make of the film dated 1934. I saw it then, but all I remember now is its central image of the Albert Hall and the musical passage leading up to a clash of cymbals and a coincident pistol shot. This new version, in colour and Vistavision, begins with the cymbals-player; slowly he rises to his feet, like a butler hearing an unexpected door ring; straightens his back, picks up his twin instrument, raises each menacing half, higher, higher, and then with the gesture superb brings them crashing together. He has fulfilled his moment. So also should have the assassin who in one box has pointed his gun at a foreign Prime Minister in another. But from the first version one remembers he misses. That's about all I do, after 22 years, remember. I am delighted that many of my colleagues have the original so strongly in mind that they can damn the new version out of hand. I admire, and envy, but not being myself so gifted, I swallow this central image—dangled among the sub-titles—and am properly hooked. Mr. James Stewart and family are travelling in Morocco; it goes slowly, but at times tensely and at times funnily, and then in the Marrakesh market the man one had begun to suspect gets a knife in the back and whispers dying words that bring Mr.—or rather Dr.—Stewart to London. Their small son has been abducted. They stay at the Savoy, but their manner with visiting friends is somewhat distrait, and first one and then the other disappears on mysterious errands.

One of these is a wild-goose chase to a taxidermist in Camden Town. A bit overdone? I don't think so, this thriller can take coloratura. The genuine trail leads to a chapel of the kind, in institutional brick, whose use we may often have wondered about: and that it should harbour abduction and political assassination is an agreeable fulfilment. We get the grim clergyman and his kindlier female assistant (she takes round the plate), the service cut short, the slugging, a climbing of ropes to ring bells (Hitchcock doesn't mind old gags), then the Albert Hall and the scene for which we have been prepared and which is superbly carried out. His delaying methods here work wonders, and the Vistavision screen which all along has seemed just his medium comes into its own. Thereafter we enjoy anti-climax; but we do—at least I did—enjoy it. *The Man Who Knew Too Much* is, like *Rear Window* and *The Trouble With Harry*, late flowering Hitchcock. I myself delighted in it, though I should like to have another view of the black-and-white, more—so we are told—pristine original.

Jacques Becker's *Touchez Pas au Grisbi* (Academy)—translated *Honour Among Thieves*, but meaning *Hands off the Dough*—represents an ageing crook, who yawns at the night-club show and talks of retiring; but is all the time Jean Gabin, rather set of countenance, staid of walk, tired yet animated, and with such a charm as makes his conquests of colleagues and new mistresses absolutely convincing. Becker has furnished him with a fair, running story, pretty photography, twirls of sentiment and sadism. He loses his best pal but finds a new girl. This is a rather slight, but at the same time suave and acid, addition to the American tradition of gangster tales.

Our own *The Long Arm* (Gaumont), directed by Charles Frend, has Jack Hawkins as a suburban Scotland Yard Inspector, who gradually and good-humouredly tracks down an opener of safes. No doubt this is the most factual and also the most moral of the three. But, though likeable, it is not the most thrilling.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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The Far Side of Despair

IN our age, there is one besetting moral problem: what attitude to adopt towards Communism. There is, therefore, a unique and universal significance in the ratiocinations of a man whose formidable intellectual energy has been devoted exclusively to its solution. Jean-Paul Sartre is a playwright of genius, an incisive pamphleteer and controversialist, a writer of ideological novels, a schematic philosopher, an anti-Freudian psychologist, a brilliant teacher and editor, and a professional Left Bank *mandarin*. But through each and all of these activities runs a unifying thread: the search for an intellectual reconciliation with the dominant material and political force of our times. Nobody else has made the attempt in such a systematic and determined manner, has been so ruthless in eliminating extraneous considerations. The Koestlers and Silones have surrendered to rigid moral imperatives, the Kanapas and Aragons have embraced dogmatism. But Sartre, with his fanatical—almost irrational—belief in reason, has marched doggedly on into the dark tunnel. Somewhere within the mind of this dwarf-like sage, behind the thick spectacles, the angry eyes, the fleshy facial mask with its wide and sensual mouth, the decisive intellectual battle of our century is being fought in microcosm.

Yet, despite the single-mindedness of Sartre's aim and the logical symmetry of his intellectual development, no great thinker has been more misunderstood and provoked such violent and conflicting reactions. Sartre has been denounced as "unfathomably obscure" (Raymond Aron) and as "a deliberate vulgariser" (Merleau-Ponty). *L'Etre et le Néant* was once called "the most difficult philosophical work ever written"; yet *L'Existentialisme Est Un Humanisme* has sold more copies (150,000) than any other volume of modern philosophy. The Vatican has placed his works on the Index; yet Gabriel Marcel, himself a militant Catholic, regarded him as the greatest of French thinkers. The State Department found his novels subversive; but *Les Mains Sales* was the most effective counter-revolutionary play of the entire cold war. Sartre has been vilified by the Communists in Paris and fêted by them in Vienna. No great philosopher ever had fewer disciples; but no other could claim the intellectual conquest of an entire generation.

Amid the bitter hatreds and controversies of which Sartre has been the centre, his principal objective—and the logical concentration with which he has pursued it—has tended to become obscured. Around the man has grown a myth; and around the myth, foggy, concentric rings of intellectual prejudice. When we strip the layers, however, we find that increasingly rare—indeed, today, unique—phenomenon: a complete philosophical system, an interlocking chain of speculation which unites truth, literature and politics in one gigantic equation.

In the late Thirties, Sartre was a young, underpaid, over-educated philosophy teacher in a smart Paris school, a member—and a typical one—of the most discontented, numerically inflated and socially dangerous group in the world: the French bourgeois intellectuals. He had studied Heidegger and Kierkegaard in Germany; he taught Descartes in France. Like all intellectuals, he asked himself the question: had his knowledge any relevance to the problems of his day? The Fascists were at the gates of Madrid; what was he supposed to do about it? Why had Blum failed? Did it matter that Stalin had seen fit to murder the Old Guard of the Bolsheviks? Why was capitalism in ruins, Hitler triumphant, the democracies afraid? It is typical of Sartre that he began his search for the answers to these problems by reformulating them at an abstract level. *La Nausée* (1938), his first major work, is an imaginative inquiry into the problems of existence. Roquentin, its autobiographical and solitary hero, discovers that the bourgeois world in which he lives is senseless and incoherent. His past no longer exists, his future is unknown, his present unrelated; life has no pattern. Through Roquentin's introspective reveries, Sartre presents his fundamental metaphysical image: a loathing for the incompleteness of existence in the world as he finds it, a longing for completeness which is both intelligible and creative. If Kafka's *The Trial* epitomises the nightmare of the ordinary man in a hostile and incomprehensible world, *La Nausée* is the nightmare of the philosopher, in which physical fear is replaced by intellectual disgust.

Under the impact of the war, Sartre's view of existence acquired firmer outline and greater depth. By 1943 he had completed, in *L'Etre et le Néant*, a full exposition of his Existentialist philosophy, which concluded his exploration of the problem at an abstract level. In it, he succeeded in isolating the fundamental dilemma. Like Wittgenstein, he bluntly denied the existence of value ("In the world everything is as it is and happens as it does happen. In it there is no value"), and concluded that meaning and purpose do not reside as objective facts in the world of things. Man's sense of value—which he defined as essentially a sense of incompleteness—could never, therefore, be satisfied, and value itself—stable, lived totality—could never be achieved. Yet man is a creature who requires value, "a being who aspires to be God". Despite the impossibility of his task, he continues to pursue his desire for completeness. Hence his agony, because his life is a vain quest: "*L'Homme est une passion inutile*". Could the dilemma be solved, Sartre asked. And, if so, how? By self-destruction? By social organisation? Was there an intellectual Third Force between the extremes of resignation and despair?

Inevitably, Sartre was intellectually drawn into

the world, and into its highest organisational manifestation: politics. In his plays and, above all, in his long novel-cycle, *Les Chemins de la Liberté*, he began to reformulate his problem at a concrete level. In abstract terms, he had calculated that the dilemma was insoluble, and that a Third Force was not viable. As the post-war years unfolded, he saw his calculations—like Einstein's—proved correct by empirical observation. The world polarised into the capitalist and Communist extremes. His own political group proved a noisy failure. The Socialists were prised apart from the Communists and imprisoned on the right. Sartre could not accept the intellectual limitations of Communism: "Marxist doctrine," he wrote, "has been withering away; for want of internal controversy it has been degraded to a stupid determinism". Yet neither could he accept the world as he found it. What, then, was he to do? Already, by 1948, when he wrote *What Is Literature?*, he was conscious of the impotence and isolation of his own position. "We bourgeois," he wrote, "who have broken with our class but who remain bourgeois in our moral values, separated from the proletariat by the Communist screen, remain up in the air; our good will serves no one, not even ourselves . . . we are writing against the current."

As the cold war progressed, Sartre found his position more and more intolerable. He slowly came round to the view that the Communist Party, despite its bad faith and intellectual sterility, was the objective personification of the workers, and this led him to the agonising conclusion, which he puts into the mouth of one of his characters: "If the party is right, I am more lonely than a madman; if the party is wrong, the world is done for". Could he remain intellectually neutral? And, if so, for how long? By 1952, when the cold war seemed to be moving irresistibly towards the ultimate catastrophe, Sartre had decided to take sides. After all, he reasoned, in Marxism, as in Existentialism, the search for truth in action is the central, reconciling feature. The Marxist vision of the world is completeness; the system it has created is evil only in so far as it is fallible. If we presuppose that the system is perfectible, any of its aspects to which we object—for non-philosophical reasons, for instance—can simply be dismissed as imperfections. By this time, Sartre was willing to make the decisive presupposition. His conversion was, when all is said and done, a piece of philosophical legerdemain—a case of the intellectual end justifying the intellectual means. But it brought his mind four-square with his moral conscience, because it satisfied his basic moral compulsion to be at one with the working-class.

Even so, Sartre took sides in a characteristically complicated manner. He refused to join the party: on his own premises, he could not organically ally himself with a system which demanded, of necessity, absolute mental discipline and which, though perfectible, was not yet perfect. But, at the same time, he accepted the consequences of his choice in the spirit in which he had made it. Of all the fellow-travellers, he became the most impeccable. He repudiated his anti-Communist writings and disowned a new production of *Les Mains Sales*. His latest play, *Nekrassov*, is the pure, strong milk of Communist satire: the little bits of Existentialism which refused to fit into the mould were pummelled either into Marxism or out of sight.

His slavish orthodoxy, in fact, has led him into grave embarrassments. A philosophical certainty made him join forces with the Communists; but a geographical accident placed him under the intellectual suzerainty of the French Communist Party. He thus became a spokesman of the party which, above and beyond all the rest, has always been, and remains, the most Stalinist. When, therefore, the 20th Party Congress in Moscow signalised the liberating event for which Sartre, along with so many others, had waited for so long, he was placed in an impossible quandary. He, of all people, could not observe the surly silence of *L'Humanité*. But if he chose to comment, he would inevitably be forced to acclaim the news from Moscow in terms which could objectively be construed as criticism of his local hierarchs. His position was made even more difficult by the fact that a leading Communist intellectual, Pierre Hervé, had chosen to jump the gun and had been promptly expelled for his pains. Sartre should, from an intellectual—even from a doctrinal—point of view, have applauded Hervé's gesture. But his position as a French fellow-traveller—and therefore as a faithful ally of the top brass of the French C.P.—made such a move, from a political point of view, impossible. Nevertheless, everyone expected Sartre to comment on Hervé's book, and comment he dutifully did, struggling manfully to reconcile the irreconcilable. It was not a very happy performance, and in the weeks that have followed, the *mandarins* of the non-Communist Left have used Sartre as an easy target for some intellectual firing-practice. "Sartre," one of them commented, "is now merely a figure of fun."

Their contempt, even their pity is understandable. For Sartre made his choice between two irreconcilable systems just before the 20th Congress made that kind of choice obsolete. Convinced that the march towards Communism could not be halted, Sartre set out to guide other intellectuals who, he believed, must follow him in seeking a reconciliation between their philosophical beliefs and the harsher realities of life under Stalin-style Communism. Rationalising his own commitment, his own misjudgment, he went over to the Communists because he thought, as Oreste remarks in *Les Mouches*, that "it is on the far side of despair that life begins." Here lies the tragedy of his choice. In the Communist countries, the intellectuals are now seeking the road back from the far side of despair, and of all living thinkers none is so well qualified by intellect, and sympathy to aid them as Jean-Paul Sartre. Unhappily he too has to find his way back.

Correspondence

JUSTICE IN CENTRAL AFRICA

SIR,—May I give some examples (taken from reports in the Rhodesian press) of another source of unrest among Africans—the differentiation between Africans and Europeans in the courts of the Rhodesias?

June 1955: Michael, a Southern Rhodesian farmer, was found guilty of culpable homicide, but not guilty of murder, when he flogged his servant to death. He was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, of which two were suspended and ordered to pay £100 to the family of the man he had killed.

June 1955: Davel, a farmer of Northern Rhodesia, struck an African who died from the blows. The magistrate committed him for trial on the charge of murder, but the Attorney General made the charge manslaughter. He was found guilty and sentenced to one year's hard labour. The judge said that he took into account his age (24).

May 1955, Northern Rhodesia: Van Beek, Netherlands citizen, knocked down and kicked an African so badly that he had to have an operation to save his life. Van Beek was sentenced to three months' hard labour. The African's life was still in danger at the time of the trial.

Nov. 1955, Northern Rhodesia: About 2,000 Africans rioted after an African had been killed by a mobile crane. The European driver was stoned, but not hurt. Damage was done and windows broken. Three supposed ringleaders—one aged 18—were sentenced to nine years, 17 to five years and 13 to two years' hard labour. The Appeal Court reduced most of the sentences. The 18-year-old African was finally sentenced to five years' hard labour.

June 1955, Northern Rhodesia: A European motorist, who had killed an African, was attacked, knocked down, kicked and punched, but not seriously injured, by Africans. One man was sentenced to 20 months and two to 15 months each.

July 1955, Northern Rhodesia: Two African women were sentenced to one year's hard labour for proposing violence to an assembly. They said that the District Commissioner should be beaten. He was not beaten.

August 1955: A procession was formed in Fort Jameson, Northern Rhodesia, to welcome on release from prison an African National Congress leader. Three African "organisers" were sentenced to six months' hard labour.

Oct. 1955, Northern Rhodesia: Two Africans were sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment with hard labour for "conspiracy" to damage the trade of a European storekeeper by boycotting his store because he was alleged to have insulted Africans.

Oct. 1955, Northern Rhodesia: During a "riotous assembly" at the Lusaka sports club, Africans were beaten, stoned, and one of their houses was burnt. Steele (23), European, was convicted of arson and awarded six months' hard labour. On appeal this was reduced to four months and £50 fine.

All the cases quoted above have elements of racial tension and civic unrest in them, and it may be said that the minority must protect itself against the majority by imposing more severe sentences because of the potential danger of majority action. There seems to be something of the same differentiation in cases that have no racial element in them.

June 1955, Northern Rhodesia: An African was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour for stealing a bottle of milk.

Nov. 1955, Northern Rhodesia: Two Africans were sentenced to 12 months' hard labour each for stealing 16 shirts, the property of a trading company.

July 1955: A European clerk in the Accountant General's office was put on probation for three years and told to refund £100 of the £157 10s 5d he had stolen from government funds.

These sentences reflect two beliefs widely held by Europeans in Africa. One is that Africans do not mind going to prison and the other is that Europeans mind so much that the humiliation must be considered a great part of the sentence. It cannot be expected that Africans accept these two ideas, and this wide differentiation between sentences causes strong feelings of resentment and bitterness against the Europeans and the European government and courts.

THOMAS FOX PITT

12 Kensington Court Place, W.8.

A SLIGHT CASE OF APARTHEID

SIR,—May I please try to suggest a way out? It is true that once compromise is made on principle, you never know how many times you will have to repeat it and go down completely. So, as far as principle is concerned, there must be no kind of segregation in the University. But for the sake of convenience, in some cases separate living rooms may be provided. As far as food and dining hall is concerned, I do not see there is any need for separate arrangements, as students going to university would be already familiar with European type of food, which is becoming more and more common among advanced (in modern terms) people of all races.

K. P. SHAH

Box 2565, Nairobi.

SUNDAY STAR

SIR,—May I make another attempt to persuade Mr. Williams that the retail newsagent has a just case in the matter of the *Sunday Star* and the terms for Sunday newspapers?

He says that the retail newsagent is in favour of freezing the present newspaper structure. This is

not true. The only instance of the introduction of a new paper since the war had the enthusiastic support of the retail trade, precisely because it offered better terms. What is true is that the retail trade is determined not to accept another Sunday paper at the same margin of profit as applies at the moment. It is in this context that Mr. Williams should see the remark of our general secretary which he quotes. We do believe that the circulation of Sunday papers is at its peak and that the introduction of another would show the retailer no advantage *at the present terms*. We would welcome a new one at better terms.

I thought that Mr. Williams would have known that the terms for Sunday papers were originally better than they are now and that they were worsened by the N.P.A. without reference to the retailer. This is what I meant by stating that there is no agreement and Mr. Williams' quip "When is an agreement not an agreement?" is beside the point. Perhaps he will understand if I reduce the matter to the simplest possible terms. My wife buys her milk from a firm which sells it at a stated price and has been doing so also "for years." If the firm decides to increase this price where shall she go to buy at a lower price? This is precisely our case. Let Hulton's produce their *Sunday Star* at terms better than the N.P.A. publications and they will have the enthusiastic support of every newsagent in the country and will probably achieve the most sensational success in modern newspaper publication.

Finally, on the terms themselves. Although Mr. Williams starts his remarks by saying that he will deal with the facts first he ignores my most pointed complaint. He said that we demanded a discount of 33⅓ per cent. I challenged him to produce one piece of evidence to support this statement. Because there is no such evidence he ignores *this* fact.

A. W. KINGSLEY

Hatch End, Middlesex.

[Francis Williams writes: "If Mr. Kingsley insists that a discount of 33⅓ was never suggested I, of course, accept his word although it runs counter to other information given me. However, the real point, which Mr. Kingsley does not dispute, is that the newsagents refused to handle the *Sunday Star* on terms that rule for all other Sunday papers. They thus made it impossible for the paper to come out. If it did not give way to them they would not handle it. If it did, the N.P.A. would not let it use the newspaper trains. I repeat that I quite agree the newsagents may have a case for better terms. If so they should demand them from old and new alike, not victimise new enterprise. Does Mr. Kingsley's milkman charge his customers according to length of residence?"—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

VOLUNTARY SOCIETIES

SIR,—Many of us who had largely given up the belief that the Labour Party might produce a firm Socialist programme began to have fresh hopes that the promised statements of policy would show that a serious attempt was being made to think out methods by which our society could be made Socialist. Instead of this we now learn, if we are to judge from the first statement on *Personal Freedom*, that there is no intention substantially to alter the capitalist structure.

I would like to take up one point in particular. In the document we are told that voluntary effort should still be encouraged in those fields where the state carries the main responsibility. The particular examples given are in education and social welfare. As a medical social worker at present working in the geriatric unit of a hospital which covers a large area in north-west London and the suburbs, I have day-to-day opportunity of viewing the voluntary services which can be called upon to assist in the rehabilitation and after-care of old people when they return to their homes. The standard of service varies considerably from one borough to another and in many areas it is inadequate. Surely no Socialist would seriously suggest that vital services should be left in the hands of ladies who are activated by good intentions but who by nature of their backgrounds and lack of training often cannot be expected to maintain the type of comprehensive service which a Socialist community should expect.

Furthermore, it would appear to me to be cowardly to suggest that people can only be inspired to take an active interest in human welfare through voluntary action. If some of us can be attracted by the ideals of a truly Socialist state then it is our duty to put these ideals over in an imaginative way to the rest of the people.

87 Fitzjohn's Avenue, DREDAGH J. DRAIN
Hampstead, N.W.3.

RELIGION ON THE AIR

SIR,—Disregarding the facts adduced in my article, Mr. Oliver Ford deplores what he strangely describes as its "strongly emotional tone." He is evidently a Sensitive Type; he must have suffered acutely when he read some of the articles written by his fellow-Christians after my broadcasts.

Mr. Ford is puzzled to know why I, who am not a Christian, should want to discuss Christianity. The only possible explanation, he thinks, is that I must wish to replace Christian dogma by an equally dogmatic atheism. But Scientific Humanists do not deal in dogmas; all that they want is the right of free discussion.

At present, the most powerful instrument of mass indoctrination that has ever existed—sound and television broadcasting—has been mobilised in the service of Christianity. Day in and day out, it employs skilled propaganda techniques to induce people to continue paying lip-service to doctrines that, for the most part, they have ceased to believe. Scientific Humanism offers a constructive alternative to these discarded beliefs, and to the sanctions derived from them; but it is seldom allowed to state its case on the air. It is perhaps a crude question, but if Christians are so sure they are right, why are they so afraid to allow their opponents a hearing?

One other point. Mr. Ford says that belief in a Supreme Being accords with "the whole experience of mankind throughout the ages." So, for a long time, did belief in witches.

Hope House, MARGARET KNIGHT
Bucksburn, Aberdeenshire.

LOYALIST UPROAR

SIR,—Some weeks ago, on Friday, June 8, the Movement for Colonial Freedom held a meeting on human rights in the colonies. During the meeting, several members of the "League of Empire Loyalists" tried, by continued barracking, to silence the speaker, Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn. The chairman, Mr. Fenner Brockway, first asked them to allow the meeting to continue, and then, when it became clear that their intention was merely to break up the meeting, asked them to leave. At this point a scuffle developed between them and other members of the audience. Had the "Loyalists," even at this stage, complied with the request which I and other stewards made that they should leave quietly, the incident would have been quickly over. They chose not to do so, and the scuffle developed into a fight. The stewards separated the contestants, and then called the police, who removed the interrupters from the building.

I would not trouble you with this account of the doings of an obscure group on the lunatic fringe of reaction, were it not that grossly inaccurate reports of the incident have appeared in at least two national newspapers. The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Express* both published stories, supplied, I understand, by the Exchange Telegraph Agency, which made it appear that the "Loyalists" had been assaulted by the stewards of the meeting. The obvious implication was that those who organised the meeting, while professing a high regard for the rights of colonial peoples, had none for those of people in this country. The Exchange Telegraph reporter had clearly based his story on an interview with one of the "Loyalists."

I wrote, in similar terms to my first paragraph above, to both the *Express* and the *Telegraph*. Both papers refused to publish a correction, the *Express* saying that "the general effect seems to have been the same as we reported," and the *Telegraph* that "your quarrel is with the agency, not with us."

HUGH G. GARSIDE

134 Tachbrook Street, S.W.1.

BROADWAY AND PLAYWRITING

SIR,—Reading Mr. J. B. Priestley's review of *How Not to Write a Play*, I wondered again whether it was only *Godot* for whom we are waiting; or whether it was also the current state of the American theatre. I have also read Mr. Kronenberger's excellent book which Mr. Priestley cites, and before and after it endless references to the Broadway "madhouse." Imagine, Sir, my surprise when I recently visited New York for the first time and found myself watching Mr. Tennessee Williams' serious, searing, non-symbolic *Cat on a Hot Roof*; where I learnt that the musical made from Shaw's *Pygmalion* was amazingly true to the original; that *Waiting for Godot* and the *Iceman Cometh* were about to appear; a Redgrave-directed Turgeniev revival was on, and Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge* had only just come off. But then, perhaps, all the references are to a Third Programme level of madhouse. . . .

The Ibis, MARTYN GOFF
Banstead.

SIR,—Mr. Priestley is at it again. If we like his plays, we are intelligent theatre-goers; if we prefer *Guys and Dolls* we are the victims of "the immense ballyhoo of American publicity."

Recently the BBC gave us a Priestley Festival. Having succumbed to *Oklahoma, Wonderful Town, Guys and Dolls*, not to mention a film or two like *On the Town* and *The Band Wagon*, with its delicious burlesque of the American thriller, I should have been easy meat for the BBC. How, then, could the characters of *An Inspector Calls* (one of Mr. Priestley's favourites) seem such bloodless puppets, their permutations so predictable, their prosings so long? Why was this stuffy provincial family, with its carefully contrived problems, so utterly tedious? Could it be that my taste has been irredeemably debauched by Shakespeare, and Molière, and O'Casey, and American musicals? Or is it, perhaps, that to a post-war generation, Mr. Priestley's "drama of ideas" lacks "essential theatrical qualities"?

No doubt it was bad taste to go back to the gramophone and "Take Back Your Mink." After all, *Guys and Dolls* is probably as far-fetched an interpretation of Broadway as, say, *Richard III* is of English history. There is one thing, though—they're both pretty exciting theatrically.

6 Norwich Road, ALBERT HUNT
Swaffham, Norfolk.

COLLINGWOOD

SIR,—May I be permitted to express my wholehearted endorsement of Dr. Lewy's letter in your issue of June 9 criticising Mr. Heppenstall's consignment to oblivion of McTaggart, Collingwood and Moore? Dr. Lewy has ably defended Moore. I believe McTaggart is likewise far from "dead," or why should Professor Broad's monumental work, *An Examination of McTaggart's Philosophy*, be constantly cited in philosophical discussions? But I find Mr. Heppenstall's reference to Collingwood no less preposterous than Dr. Lewy finds his reference to Moore. Collingwood's work is more widely studied now, both here and abroad, than during his lifetime. Even those who disagree with his entire position acknowledge the profundity, cogency and clarity of *The Principles of Art* and of *The Idea of History*. To single out one essay alone, the chapter on Causation in the *Essay on Metaphysics* continues to exert considerable influence on legal theory, particularly in the United States. By contrast, I think it may be said of some of our more notorious "analytical" philosophers that (to adapt a remark attributed to Byron) their work will be read when McTaggart, Moore and Collingwood are forgotten—but not till then.

E. W. F. TOMLIN

Reform Club.

SPANISH SLIP

SIR,—May I correct a most unfortunate error which occurred in my review of Mr. H. John Way's *Spain* in your issue of June 16? In quoting Mr. Way's sentence "Seville is the birth-place of Velasquez and Murillo, two of Spain's greatest eighteenth-century painters", the word "composers" was substituted for "painters".

PAUL JOHNSON

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Walter de la Mare

WHEN we read Walter de la Mare's stories* again, we must be struck by the number of defining sentences. He was a master of the dramatic question. In the story called *Missing*, for example, there are the words of the lonely chief character: "It's one of the things I look for when I come up to London: the faces that could tell a story though what is behind them can't". Why? What? How? These are the artist's questions. The man can't even get his real name out; has to pucker his forehead rapidly and invent an alias. An impossible alias, too: Bleet. And the so-called Bleet cannot tell his own story. Cannot or will not or dare not—why? He is more than the man who knows too much. This cunning story-teller has added a second turn of the screw to that commonplace dilemma: we all know too much, but Bleet dare not let himself know what he knows. The point about guilt is that it is a wilderness; the definition of hell is that it has no precise geography. Interview it and the interview cannot end. This was the ground of de la Mare's imagination. We can imagine a Hallowe'en party of his characters leaving their stories to meet one another, to lament or jolly one another up; and at that party we can see the man Bleet exchanging tips (shall we say?) with that bleak humbug, the butler from *Crewe*. And we can hear this disquieting sinner whining out his false comfort to Bleet: "Things look solid," he says, "but we know better—now". That awful pause before the awful word "now" destroys a soul. The desire of all the de la Mare characters would be to cross back over the hair-raising frontier from "now" to "then", to go back from darkness to light, from chaos to order. Impossible. Worse than that: awkward. And that is where de la Mare's art comes in: he is the narrator of an intolerable awkwardness. The mad Miss Duveen taps her forehead, makes "a long narrow mouth" and says: "I am Miss Duveen, that's not, they say, quite the thing here".

This is the recurrent situation. It is awkward that a child sees his father die of passion, that another boy helps a drunken woman hang her lover, that yet another boy has a mad woman for his only friend; it is awkward that one does not want to save a youth one dislikes from a gluttonous old vampire, that a man in the waiting-room at Crewe requires sympathy as a moral murderer, that old jealousies come back. The awkwardness arises because of the complacency of appearances, the solidity, the safe look of the surroundings. Life *looks* sleek. The writer will require more than Mr. Maugham's facile notion that things are not what they seem, to deal with this situation. He will require the capacity to show, little by little, how things can get into the state of seeming what they seem without being so, how it is the seeming which is the really frightening thing. To achieve such an effect the writer of stories will require a phenomenal technical capacity. It is sometimes confused with skill and trickery; but one means by that capacity the dramatic skill to disclose a new feeling, a new idea. It is not a matter of adding a twist, but of having the feeling or the idea which will force out the twist. The critics of poetry tell us that de la Mare had remarkable technical virtuosity. Here, in verse and prose, he has his strong resemblance to Poe. He knew that there is no point in a macabre story unless it is made more macabre, and that the final macabre moment is the one that relates it to common and not exceptional experience. The last sentence of *Seaton's Aunt* is an example of a technical and a feeling capacity that gets the last drop out of a situation. The essence of Seaton is that he was a nonentity who never had more than the half-hearted interest of the narrator. He was slowly killed by his old Aunt, the vampire, because he had not the will or the guts to live. He died. He was buried. That is mere horrifying anecdote. What follows is, alas, life:

> There was precious little use in pottering about in the muddy dark merely to discover where he was buried. And yet I felt a little uneasy. My rather horrible thought was that, so far as I was concerned—one of his extremely few friends—he had never been much better than "buried" in my mind.

We are living graveyards of the unwanted. It required an extra refinement of the whole conception of this story to make the macabre tragic.

Yes, the art was in de la Mare's stories, but what was their degree? There is an obvious difficulty for us here. The events of the last 50 years have made a mess of literary criticism. De la Mare was enclosed in a manner which history has driven out. He wrote in a Period room. He was the Artist, the Romantic, the Puritan oblivious in the room. We find a prose that has come down through Meredith and Stevenson, Edwardian, decorative, studied, a velvet jewelled by what will occasionally strike us as the art-jewellery of *mots justes*, whereas we have grown up among prose like clear, common, regular rain. We cannot begin a story with the phrase: "Away into secrecy frisked a pampered mouse". It is too rich for us, like lobster, though in fact de la Mare knew how to write the plain, bare factual prose that can set the poetic image off. In saying this we are merely saying that we did not start writing in the Nineties ourselves. A more serious difficulty is that in the last twenty or thirty years studies in the macabre, in guilt, fear and horror, have been taken into regions even less secure. De la Mare belongs to the tradition which makes us feel more complacently safe, as children feel, the more we are terrified. There is pleasure in the torture. There is reassurance even in the guilt. No one has left the back door open. Whereas in the stories of Kafka and his disciples, cruelty, self-torture, guilt, the horrors, are comfortless; they take us into a universal wretchedness and lead us whimpering on out of literature to modern religious sensibility and its self-pitying, bleeding God. That is an extra turn of the screw which de la Mare's generation did not have to give. Of course, guilt and fear are guilt and fear and hell is hell, whatever the disguises, but they do not now seem to us as *enclosed* as they are in de la Mare's art.

Are we saying, then, that little masterpieces like *Missing*, *Seaton's Aunt*, *Crewe*, *Miss Duveen*, *An Ideal Craftsman* and that less good but farcical give-away story *The Orgy*, are charades, derivations or restatements from literature? We have seen in fairy tale or romance those conspiring or nefarious butlers, those hard orphaned children, those spinster ladies with cracked hearts, those sluggish and monstrous aunts and elusive doomed mothers and fathers, all ill-matched, ill-met and heavy with the poisons of a domesticity gone bad. In Lewis Carroll we have felt the static, the creamed and mantled stillness of family life and de la Mare owed something to Carroll and understood him. Yet in de la Mare's stories we can see that an important change has taken place. These characters are now Edwardian and what they display perfectly is the Edwardian surfeit. They are so heavily dressed, they are so stuffed tight with love of power, conspiracy, espionage, the love of things and property, often vulgar. We understand, looking at them, that their mice would be "pampered." They are clotted with accumulation. One aspect of this is comical—see *The Orgy* where the penniless young man goes to a big shop and orders a couple of hundred thousand pounds' worth of objects on his uncle's account and ends by taking an umbrella for cash:

> "I *want* one, please," he cried at the young woman. "Cash." "One, two, three, four, *five* guineas?" she murmured, looking as if she were less in need of her stock than her lunch. "Partridge, malacca, horn, ivory, rhinoceros, natural, *gold?* Union, gloria, glace, taffeta, cotton, mixture, *twill?*"

The sinister parallel to this comic catalogue is in the account of the scholarly sadist's mansion on the cliff—an anti-Poe house, its material perfection being matched by its spiritual dilapidation; or by the catalogue-portrait of Seaton's aunt:

> There was a silvery star pattern sprinkled on her black silk dress, and even from the ground I could see the immense coils of her hair and the rings on her left hand which was held fingering the small jet buttons of her bodice. . . .

and

> She sat at the head of the table, Seaton at the foot, and I, before a wide waste of damask table cloth, between them. It was an old and rather close dining room, with windows thrown open to the green garden and a wonderful cascade of fading roses. Miss Seaton's great chair faced this window, so that its rose-reflected light shone full on her yellowish face and on just such chocolate eyes as my schoolfellow's, except that hers were more than half-covered by unusually long and heavy lids. There she sat, steadily eating, with those sluggish eyes fixed for the most part on my face; above them stood the deep-lined fork between her eyebrows; and above that the wide expanse of a remarkable brow beneath its strange steep bank of hair. The lunch was copious, and consisted, I remember, of all such dishes that are generally considered too rich and too good for the schoolboy digestion—lobster mayonnaise, cold game sausages, an immense veal and ham pie farced with eggs, truffles, and numberless delicious flavours; besides kickshaws, creams and sweetmeats. We even had a wine, a half glass of old darkish sherry each. . . . She merely scattered trenchant remarks and now

* *The Best Stories of Walter de la Mare. Faber. 6s.*

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BATSFORD BOOKS

and then twinkled a baited question over my head. But her face was like a dense and involved accompaniment to her talk.

A portrait of gluttony, a gluttony of power and things. Things embellish and suck up the air in crowded, closed rooms. This sensibility to things is a child's and has something to do with de la Mare's retention of the heat of childhood; even persons are a kind of thing to a child. They are solid. Growing up is the process of seeing there is more, or perhaps less, in them than meets the eye: the table beside the bed still gleams as the unfaithful wife falls down dead from shock. But things, the furniture of life, are there in excess. The writer is one struggling with the claustrophobia they have created and which he is involved in; the Puritan rebels against the romance, sees the poison in his huge, décor of inhibition, and the thrills of fear, terror, guilt and violence, express his relief. He is purging himself of a complicity. The way of madness, he knows, is that Miss Miller of his who went about with terrible monotony "observing the observable."

The stories of de la Mare are not archaisms. They are romances in the sense that he has seen through the first-class waiting room at Crewe, or the kitchen cupboards and the knife-powder in the villa or the scene in the London tea-shop. They are contemporary romances in which, whether the scene is vulgar or beautiful, it has its own brute force. He has responded, in the elaborate and elusive way of certain artists, to the imbroglio of what he knew about his time. He has, in Matthew Arnold's sense, "criticised" the Edwardian agglomeration, every yard of shot satin. His obvious refuge as a poet and a writer of stories, was in loneliness, in shutting himself away, for good or evil. There is always (he conveys, now with delight, now with horror) another room within. This was a temperament less suited to stories which involved "normal" life, for there he moved into the prosaic, unhaunted world of the ups and downs of life, the soluble psychological problem. There his power of evocation was dulled by common sense and forgiveness. But the stories I have named are masterpieces of innocence or wickedness which are beyond any question of forgiving and forgetting. Their evils and delights are as absolute as magic, as dense as rituals.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Counter-Revolutionaries

Time and Place. By GEORGE SCOTT. *Staples*. 16*s*.

"The last few paragraphs of this book," writes the author, "have been written on the top of the washing-machine in the kitchen." So here it is at last. The book we've all been waiting for: Lucky Jim's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. Mr. Scott has all the qualifications to write it. He comes from Middlesbrough, the son of ferociously lower middle-class parents. His childhood was spent on The Bricky, "a large expanse of wasteland at the back of our favourite fish and chip shop." He passed his youth in a drab secondary school ("Neither my school nor the teachers there were able to foster a loving enthusiasm for books"). Then, thanks to the Welfare State, he eventually clambered up among what he calls "the nobs" at Oxford ("Lord David Cecil . . . introduced me to the real value of the university"), and learnt "how ex-debs. behave in their bachelor-girl flats in South Kensington". He is now editor of a weekly paper called *Truth*, gets invitations to Mr. John Lehmann's parties, and meets famous people ("Stephen Spender admitted his identity with a look of practised shyness"). His conclusion: "The outstanding fact of the social revolution in Britain . . . is that the number of people from backgrounds like mine holding positions of some sort of power in this country is now massive."

And what are Mr. Scott and his friends doing with their power? What, to begin with, do they think of their sudden elevation? Are they grateful? By no means. Their principal emotion is a feeling of blistering hatred for the politicians who gave them access to the rich man's privileges and, in the same instant, destroyed the promised land in a barrage of taxation and restrictions. *Time and Place* is a litany of complaints against the Welfare State. "The most common reward today for success achieved through legitimate, taxable channels," writes Mr. Scott, "is to find a boot crunching firmly on one's presumptuous head. Here we are," he adds,

> with our degrees and our posh education, our prideful positions in the public service, our ambitious names in print, trying to get on with the work brought home in the bulging brief-case, while the baby cries in the next room or even in the same room, or while the mortgage slowly and respectably strangles the life, the love, the adventure and the talent out of us.

The result? "The revolutionaries have bred a generation of counter-revolutionaries." Mr. Scott and his friends are, in short, the New Right. They have exchanged the rationalism of Tawney, Laski and Cole for the scepticism of Orwell, the obscurantism of Oakeshott and the sociology of Nancy Mitford. They are more interested in Transubstantiation and table-manners than the

Plea for the Hated Dead Woman

Wrath sank her waterstopped in weed.
Nor ever can those silences
Compel the sympathy we need
To thaw our frozen consciences.

"Mourn that hag-riding harridan!
Mourn her whose monument is grief
She did not die when needed, in
Good time to save our sweet belief!

God stops the young beloved and fair.
Five sons and daughters must receive
Her heritage of hate and fear.
Had she died sooner they might grieve.

The world's steel-slaughtered innocents
Plead dumbly for their grudging share
From our strained stores of pity, whence
You ask us to find more for her!"

But wait! You pity those five yet
Who live hate-wrung as she was wrung.
Each generation pays that debt
Contracted first with Adam's young.

And do not bombs and bullets start
From that same root where sprang, perverse,
The poisoned blossoms of her heart?
And who may say which bane is worse?

But, if you will, deny that debt:
Then so far stretch your sympathies;
That salt-scoured face and grim was set
No less unflinching than it is.

Wrath sunk her waterstopped in weed.
With weed she lies, unfleshed, alone.
With quickflesh contest if you need:
There is no argument with bone.

DORIS LESSING

fate of child-prisoners in Kenya. For the unhappy intellectuals of the Thirties, who believed in progress and, in some cases, were willing to die for their beliefs, they have nothing but contempt ("Pity for individuals among them," writes Mr. Scott, "has exhausted itself . . . the mass neurosis of the Thirties has been exhibited before us too often for us to find sympathy still"). Ideas do not interest them. They take arrogant pleasure in listing the books they have not read and do not intend to read. Because the way to the top is now open they feel they can despise the masses with a clear conscience. They are the intellectual *nouveaux riches*, with all the appetites of Mr. Midas and none of his industry and common sense. They are not even really interested in power, because they are quite content to work away in the leaderless mechanism which has been constructed around them. What they want is the trappings: positions, recognition, acceptance. In 1951, disappointed and enraged with Labour, they turned to the Tories, hoping that in a free, competitive society they could elbow their way to a front rank in the grandstand (they have no desire—and this is characteristic—to take part in the game). Now, disappointment is setting in again. "The Tories," writes Mr. Scott,

> appear to have regressed. There is, once again, in the selection of candidates and the appointing of ministers, an alarming tendency to examine only a man's tie, his ancestry and his bank-balance . . . they can look forward to a mass desertion from their ranks of people like me . . .

Now Mr. Gaitskell, in his turn, is hoping to catch them on the rebound. His obedient little committees in Transport House are busy evolving a suitably empirical, suitably nebulous theory of society which can, at a pinch, accommodate the unsatisfied egoisms of Mr. Scott and Co. The girders and crossbeams of the Socialist state, against which they angrily barked their shins, will be discarded; instead, we shall have a cosy egalitarian society, where no one will be snubbed for pouring the milk in first and where high-school boys will be made privy councillors. If those of us who do not share Mr. Scott's fears and complaints find this vision dispiriting, we must not blame Mr. Gaitskell; he is only trying to do his best with the moral failure of an entire generation.

But the tragedy goes deeper than this. The revolution of 1945 did more than lift Britain out of the primeval jungle of free-for-all capitalism; it gave us all an opportunity to push the frontiers of humanism and democracy from the confines of these islands to the vast territories of Africa and Asia. We have always been a missionary people. Mr. Scott and his generation were conjured up, were given the equipment of civilisation, in order to take the place of that earlier generation—the Milners, the Cromers, the Wingates, the Buchans—in leading the second great proselytising wave. It was to have been more acceptable than the first because more disinterested, more permanent because led, not by members of a privileged elite, but by representatives of a united, militant and triumphant working class. Unfortunately, it never took place; Britain turned inward; and the opportunity will not occur again. Instead, its work is being performed by another generation, young men with degrees not from Oxford but from the Moscow Technical Institute, men with alien minds and closed vocabularies. Mr. Scott does not discuss this transformation, let alone the failure of his generation to avert it; he is not even aware that it took place. In his private dream-world there is no space for the backward peoples and the challenges they present. There are two overriding problems which confront us today: how to evolve a society which is both free and mechanically superior to the Communist State, and, secondly, how to export it. What are we to make of a book which claims to be a statement of political and personal belief and discusses neither of them? Mr. Scott not only writes in the kitchen; he thinks in the kitchen.

PAUL JOHNSON

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Latimeria

Old Fourlegs: The Story of the Cœlacanth. By J. L. B. SMITH. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

About three hundred million years ago our ancestors were fish with heavy, bony scales, paddle-like fins and strong, toothy jaws well adapted for catching smaller, soft-bodied animals. These lobe-finned creatures did not, for the most part, survive competition with their more streamlined successors of the salmon or cod category; but three species of lung-fish—significantly capable of air-breathing—remain as legacies of that period, with reduced scales and fins and adapted to the life of large rivers. Contemporary with the earliest known lung-fish, and surviving to the end of the period of the great reptiles (the dinosaurs and so forth), was a group known as the Cœlacanthini and distinguished by a peculiar three-lobed tail. The most recent known fossil of this group is about seventy million years old.

On December 22, 1938, Miss Courtenay-Latimer, the curator of the East London Museum in South Africa, was presented by the captain of a trawler with a five-foot, heavily-scaled, blue fish with arm-like fins, a three-lobed tail and of a type previously unknown to her or to the trawlermen. When brought on board it had been alive and snapping vigorously, but now it was dead, and stinking in a rather distinctive fashion. Lack of facilities, the Christmas holiday and failure of communications led to the destruction of the viscera, but the skin and skeleton were preserved. Professor Smith finally reached East London (after "enough worry for a lifetime") on February 16:

> . . . the caretaker ushered us into the inner room and there was the—Cœlacanth, yes, God! Although I had come prepared, that first sight hit me like a white-hot blast and made me feel shaky and queer, my body tingled.

The appearance of this large creature, evidently little changed by evolution for a hundred million or more years, was a pleasant piece of excitement for biologists; and, as it turned out, for the general public it was more than "interest": it was "news." Soon after Professor Smith's positive identification, articles and a picture had appeared in papers as diverse as the *Daily Worker* and the *Illustrated London News*. Before Professor Smith's story ends, two South African Prime Ministers had been involved.

Old Fourlegs is autobiography, not popular science—and, in the circumstances, the better for it. For Professor Smith is not a zoologist, but by profession a university teacher of chemistry, and some of his biological notions are a trifle unconventional. Until he resigned his post as a chemist in 1946, his concern with fish was that of an amateur ichthyologist. Angling had been for him "a passion, a madness" since he was a small boy, and his interest had been in the natural history of fish and in collecting them. Once the Cœlacanth had been found it became an "almost insane obsession." Mrs. Smith, who is clearly a remarkable woman, was helping, full time, on the preparation of the author's monograph on the fish until five days before the birth of her first child; only then was she freed for the making of tiny garments. The second world war is presented as an exasperating interruption in the search for a complete specimen (though the author did unsparingly what was required of him during that time); and the two Prime Ministers, Smuts and Malan, are respectively condemned and praised because of their different attitudes to Professor Smith's quest. Smuts appears as arrogant and autocratic, Malan as kind and helpful. (The second Cœlacanth was called *Malania*; but this name is unlikely to stand since the new specimen, and those which have followed, will probably turn out to be all of the same species, or at least genus, as the first—*Latimeria*.)

Professor Smith clearly identifies himself to a profound degree with the Cœlacanth. He vehemently rejects a zoologist's attribution of "degeneracy" to *Latimeria*: "Old man Cœlacanth. Degenerate? Never!" he exclaims. And on this point at least, he is quite right. On another, too, he triumphed. An early suggestion was that *Latimeria* must be an inhabitant of the deep seas, but Professor Smith inferred from its structure that it lived on rocky bottoms in relatively shallow waters. And it was through publicity organised by him that the second fish was found in just such an environment in the Comores (between the north tip of Madagascar and the African coast). There, he learnt, the fisher-folk regularly, though infrequently, catch specimens of Old Fourlegs (as they came to call it), and eat it salted. The large scales are used to roughen bicycle inner tubes in the mending of punctures.

Professor Smith has marked narrative gifts, and his account of the eventful search, with its periods of (to him) agonising suspense, is highly readable. It is also, at points, disarming. The author is aware of the effect of his egoism on other people, and makes no attempt to present an idealised picture. News of the second fish came by wire on December 24, 1952—Christmas time again!—after years of frustration. Five feet long, it had been found by a trawler friend who possessed a few ounces of formalin but no refrigerating equipment, and the fish was now lying rotting in tropical heat. Ultimately, it was Malan who made possible the flight in a Dakota to get the fish ("even though this Cœlacanth had been found in French waters, it was mine by every right.") The author reproduces the response of the Dakota's crew when asked for the printable part of what they had said on being brought from Christmas leave to collect a dead fish.

Professor Smith's account reveals, not only much of himself, but something of the social scene. His contempt for "natives," notably the "malaria-soaked, worm-ridden, boneheaded blacks of the Comores," is of course a national characteristic. He had to remind himself, at one time, that the Cœlacanth "was a matter of national prestige, for the whole . . . affair was South African . . ." Later, the French in Madagascar also took a nationalistic line. The press, as might be expected, emerges as—at least in part—dishonest and irresponsible.

But these aspects of the story are only incidental. Professor Smith is anxious to deny that scientists are "beyond or above ordinary human emotions." For himself, he has fully succeeded in demonstrating this truth.

ANTHONY BARNETT

Survey of London
LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
Volume XXVI, *The Parish of St. Mary Lambeth, Part II: Southern Area*, published this week, deals with the nineteenth-century growth of London across the fields and commons that once stretched from the Oval to West Norwood, and records the architectural result in 236 photographs, measured drawings and maps. **40s net**

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THE ATHLONE PRESS
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Marxist and Moslem

Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East. By W. Z. LAQUEUR. *Routledge.* 32*s.*

I congratulate Mr. Laqueur on being first into a new field. Among all the studies of Middle Eastern problems published since 1945, I do not know of one which deals with the history of Communist activity in the area. Mr. Laqueur does not exaggerate when he talks about a conspiracy of silence. He attributes it, on the one side, to ignorance and the difficulty of obtaining information and, on the other, to an assumption current among Arabists. As Muslims, it is said, the Arabs form a bulwark of devout faith, which Communism cannot penetrate: here is an area where ideology is of secondary importance in the political struggle. Mr. Laqueur—an Israeli with American connections—has been at pains to show that this assumption is unfounded. In his first chapter he argues that Islam has lost its hold on the Arab intelligentsia, whose minds are now open to Communist ideas—all the more so because the brand of nationalism which they have swallowed is post-liberal and authoritarian.

I found these opening pages of his book immensely stimulating and eagerly plunged into his successive chapters on Communism in Egypt, Jordan, Israel, Syria and Lebanon, Iraq and Turkey. As I progressed through these detailed studies, my doubts began to grow. Outside Persia—a country which Mr. Laqueur quite inexplicably overlooks—there was no serious Communist activity in the area before 1939, and the scanty material about Marxist study groups, which the author has faithfully collected, is of purely academic interest. When he comes to post-war history, his deficiencies become painfully obvious. One has only to compare his well-informed and brilliantly ironical chapter on the Israeli Communist Party with his Arab studies to see the reason why. As an Israeli, the author has been cut off from travel and first-hand information and compelled to rely far too exclusively on press clippings and secondary sources.

As a result, his book has a curiously programmatic flavour, in which each country's "rating", in terms of resistance to Communism, accords far too neatly with current Israeli political alignments. Turkey is a "good" country and praised as uncritically as Iraq is condemned. It is reasonable enough to expose the feudal structure of land ownership in Iraq, but it is strange to make no reference whatsoever to the work of the Economic Development Board and to conclude with the unqualified assertion:

> Of all the Arab countries Iraq arouses the strongest feeling of pessimism. Its economic potentialities are far greater than those of most other countries. . . . Yet there is no prospect in the near future of an increase in the standard of living. . . . The parallel with Czarist Russia is uncomfortably obvious. At the time of writing, Communism in Iraq continues to be "under control"—but it will not remain so for many years, perhaps not even for many months.

Such cocksure predictions are unconvincing. Of course, they *may* come true, but I should have had more confidence in Mr. Laqueur's judgment if he had been able to visit Iraq recently and paint the other side of the picture.

His treatment of Egypt since 1952 is equally dogmatic. He accuses the Neguib regime of abandoning any serious attempt to clean up the internal situation "within eight weeks of seizing power," and contrasts Nasser's hollow chauvinism with Ataturk's patient labours of internal

reform. Again, the diagnosis may prove correct, but Nasser's not inconsiderable efforts to help the fellah should at least have been mentioned.

Having made these criticisms, I must emphasise that this is an important book because it summarises for the first time the little that has been published in English about Arab Communist Parties. Mr. Laqueur shows that Communism has little hold outside the tiny intelligentsia and even there the fellow-traveller is far commoner than the pukka Party member. Only in scattered instances are trade unions under firm Communist control, and there is only one example of a Communised peasantry. Ironically enough, that example is the Gezira scheme in the Sudan, which once again disproves the theory that economic aid to underdeveloped areas is always a bulwark against Communism.

My conclusion is that Mr. Laqueur fails in his main contention that the Arabs are likely to "go Communist." Indeed, the facts he collects suggest to me that, on this score, our Arabists may not after all be so wrong. Surely the ideology which the Russians are successfully exploiting is not Marxist-Leninism but the xenophobic anti-liberal nationalism which Mr. Laqueur describes in his first chapter. The Arab intelligentsia are indeed wide open to any propaganda which denounces imperialism. They are thoroughly (and not unreasonably) disillusioned by parliamentary democracy and rally to any regime which successfully challenges Western ascendancy—and that outpost of the West, the State of Israel. Instead of writing off Colonel Nasser, Mr. Laqueur should have analysed objectively the reasons for his popularity throughout the Arab world. He has followed the precepts not of Communism but of Nehru's neutrality. While firmly suppressing internal Communism in Egypt, he has boldly accepted Russian assistance in the battle against Western imperialism.

The Russians, in fact, have understood how to identify their own national objectives with Arab national aspirations, whereas we Westerners have permitted it to appear as though our requirements in the area could only be fulfilled by denying those aspirations. Once this has happened, economic aid is money down the drain. Victory in the Middle East will go to the Great Power which knows how to satisfy not the economic needs of the fellah or the oil-worker, but the frustrations of the Arab intelligentsia.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Partisanship

After The Thirties. By JACK LINDSAY. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 15*s.*

"The artist, in so far as he was a good artist, has always been a partisan of life. Now to be *a partisan of life means to be a partisan of the proletariat.*" If this sample of Mr. Lindsay's thinking leaves you nodding your head (with agreement, of course) then the faith survives that everything is very simple really: identify yourself with the Worker and— ". . . You will share in the tremendous conviction of gathering power and purpose that is imparted by the masses on the move in circumstances that restore them to their human dignity."

Mr. Lindsay is discussing the *Novel in Britain and its Future* and brings the usual infallible Marxist artillery to bear on the literary situation in the Thirties, "the products of the decade and the volte-face", post-war regressions and advances —Dylan Thomas, Miss Doris Lessing, Mr. James Aldridge and Mr. Gwyn Thomas well in the van —the origins of art and the language of the new literature. He suggests that what matters is the writer's attitude to the "human universal", nowadays represented by the organised proletariat. His apostolic blows and knocks he deals out energetically. We are reminded of Mr. Eliot's pro-fascism; Mr. Spender's volte-face is gaily derided; the style of Orwell's *1984* is neatly compared with American pornography: "*Horizon* ended itself out of sheer inanition, deciding that dusk had come down on the playboy's garden". On this level Mr. Lindsay will obviously find support. When he applauds Lukacs's condemnation of much current writing as "purely individual psychological complications which isolation has made pathological, . . . pseudo-profundity and pseudo-appeal which arise when the writer is cut-off from life", he stimulates a sympathy which vanishes when he puts the old record on the gramophone. There have been too many developments in the trade since that disc was cut, even if it had worn well, which it hasn't.

Patently, English fiction would be invigorated if it embraced the life and experience of steelworkers and miners and their families, but if one argues that what has been wrong in the past is precisely that a section of the population has too long been considered as a mass, as a proletariat, that the way to write about the worker is to treat him as an individual much the same as anyone else—well, the cult of personality's got you. Anyone, though, who has listened, night after night, in a factory, to a Marxist trying to convince a group of sceptical characters—*i.e.*, "the masses"—of their gathering power and purpose, might be forgiven for thinking that the Marxist was the victim of an obsession only different in kind from those which make the novels of Orwell and Mr. Greene so distasteful to Mr. Lindsay.

In this lively volume Mr. Lindsay, like the best polemicists, has the answer to everything and the edge on us: he just *knows* he is right. Unlike Mr. Lindsay, you or I might be interested, in our trivial way, in the problems of children of working-class homes who become writers nowadays. How are they to represent, among other things, the class from which they've come? Grant that writing is a special talent not unrelated to intelligence, these writers will have been formally educated. Truth, the bourgeois illusionist, may hold them in thrall. For them the Thirties are history. Is it really enough to say that if they are not Marxist it's because they've been corrupted by a decadent capitalist educational system and turned traitor? Couldn't it be that they detect fallacies here and there? Ah, but isn't logic the vanity of a decaying culture? Whichever way you turn you are always facing East.

W. JOHN MORGAN

New Novels

In Love and War. By CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Young Girl's Touch. By BARBARA SKELTON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Marching with April. By HUGO CHARTERIS. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Proving Flight. By DAVID BEATY. *Secker & Warburg.* 14*s.*

A long time since two such entertaining novels as the first pair on this list were published in one week. Both deal with lighter sides of the war; for fun there is little to choose between them. I begin with Mr. FitzGibbon's because he is the professional. *In Love and War* is deliberately planned as intelligent light entertainment; it is brightly, but not too brightly, written in a streamlined style with a lot of dialogue and short sentences. The *genre* is amorous-picaresque; the shape is dictated by Tommy Phipps's love-affair with Lola, a pretty rich girl, which he prosecutes vigorously whenever his military duties allow. She marries Nosey Carmichael, a commando hero with whom Tommy was at school; this adds an element of danger to Tommy's otherwise cosy home-front war because one of Carmichael's hobbies is enlisting Lola's suspected lovers and winging them while out on operations. In the end Nosey is side-tracked by the left-wing lady novelist who initiated Tommy's sexual education on page 7 and has since become a war-correspondent. The scene shifts rapidly from London to Ireland, where Tommy serves as intelligence officer in Ulster and goes on leave to Dublin:

> The Irish Army was known, in Gaelic, as the Host.
>
> The general would come into my office—having first telephoned to make sure he wasn't disturbing

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JULY 2s.

Selected from the Contents:

'OLD' ODELL
The spirit of Bohemia moved house reluctantly and one frail ghost made angry mourning when the Savage Club left its gracious home in the Adelphi.

GLIMPSES OF PROVINCIAL JAPAN
The misty beauty of the mountains, the nights in glorified dog kennels, and little noisy lake-side inns, made a good introduction to an enjoyable stay in Japan.

M.E.R.L.
The Museum of English Rural Life opened last year as the brain child of those who were concerned at the disappearance of craftsmen's tools, domestic equipment and the implements of life on the land.

THE SECRET OF ELEANOR COADE
The famous Lion of Hungerford failed to reveal the lost formula of the remarkable Coade stone of which it was made.

ATOMIC CANNING
Atomic food preservation will prove one of the most considerable developments of atomic fission work and form an important adjunct to canning and refrigeration.

RUNESTONES IN SWEDEN
In the Uppland of Sweden there are one thousand of these thousand-year-old upright granite slabs with their complicated patterns of intertwined snakes and letters engraved on the hard stone.

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me—and would ask, rubbing his hands:

"What news of the Host today?"

Then I would put him in the picture.

"Curious the way they have no troops in the centre of their country," he once remarked.

"It's the Bog of Allen," I explained. . . .

The love-making, of which there is a great deal, is done with the same crisp zest.

Miss Skelton's mood is dead-pan. She is very dry, distinctly original, and often extremely funny. Her heroine, Melinda Paleface, is a home counties Sphinx, a narcissistic feminist cherishing her integrity if not her virginity. She works, at first, for the Free Illyrians and is admired by most men—in particular by two wistful intellectuals, Darcy and Roger. Her adventures in London, where the atmosphere of furtive relief during the period between the end of the Blitz and D-day is nicely caught, include an *escape* from an orgy. Then she sails away to be a secretary in the British Legation, to Jubaland, which is Egypt not even thinly disguised. Presently a Farouk-like person appears—King Yoyo. He sees Melinda in a night-club and takes an instant fancy to her. Miss Skelton makes a memorable character out of him, in which oriental absolutism, cosmopolitan sophistication and the wit of a rogue-elephant are nicely compounded. Here he is making mayhem at a Legation dinner-party.

"We've had two chicken carcasses prepared specially, your Majesty."

"Only two? I'm hungry." He stared at the diplomat's wife. "What's the food like in England? Running out of horse meat, I'm told, with Botulism rife. Is everyone still as poker-faced as ever? I had the impression all the women were competing for a freak show. Excuse me . . ." he ended abruptly, looking sternly down at his plate, "but this is cracked. It's a dangerous germ carrier!" He broke the plate across his knee. Going round the room, he inspected the china to see if any other objects deserved a similar fate. "I hope the servants don't wash their feet in this," he said, picking up a large soup tureen. The broken pieces were swept into a corner and the dinner resumed.

By the time Yoyo is beginning to transfer his attentions to her friend, Penelope, Melinda is sent home under a security cloud. The last we see of her she is contemplating a post in Punt, capital of the independent Sultanate of Sheba, "Ruler, His Highness Mohammed Abdul Aziz Zapullah, Sultan of Sheba. Born 1918. Educated Harrow and Wye Agricultural College." . . . . The taste for eastern potentates seems to have become an addiction. Miss Skelton has made a scintillating début.

Mr. Charteris's first novel was highly praised. Something has gone wrong with his second. Perhaps the trouble is too many discordant elements that do not blend. A young man who has just finished a course of analysis with a lady Jungian inherits a Highland estate and becomes involved in local politics which are dominated by his high-powered neighbour, the April of the title. There is a lot of fuss about a machine for making bracken into something useful. Mr. Charteris is, indubitably, intelligent and perceptive, but he writes in an involved style full of latter-day gongorisms and metaphysical metaphors. The effect is as if someone had been hocussing a haggis with mescalin.

Ought the Book Society to have chosen *The Proving Flight*? I think on the whole they ought not. It is one of those synthetic best-sellers, based on cunningly manipulated expertise, readable as a death-warrant. The subject is the maiden Atlantic flight of a new air-liner. The chairman is on board pressing for more speed and defiance of the weather. The pilots are temperamental as prima donnas. The effect on the timid traveller will be to make him vow never to travel again except by sedan-chair.

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THE BODLEY HEAD

Drawing Board to War

The Central Blue. By SIR JOHN SLESSOR. *Cassell.* 30*s*.

He.1000. By ERNST HEINKEL. Edited by J. THORWALD. *Hutchinson.* 30*s*.

Swastika in the Air. By KARL BARTZ. *William Kimber.* 18*s*.

Lorraine Squadron. By PAUL LAMBERMONT. *Cassell.* 13*s*. 6*d*.

Beyond Courage. By CLAY BLAIR. *Jarrolds.* 15*s*.

Reading the first three of these books makes you realise why sergeant-majors now say "Thank God we've got an Air Force." And Heinkel, one of the greatest of the German aircraft designers, would add that we should thank God for Goering and the German Air Staff. All the trials and tribulations that the distinguished Air-Marshal and the irascible, intelligent designer went through in their two countries really had as their flash-point those sunny days over Sussex and Kent in the late summer of 1940.

Sir John Slessor's book is some seven hundred pages long. You must not skip, you must read right through, and you are left with a fascinating picture of high command, and top-level staff work and planning from 1928 through the war. From being the first pilot to have got anywhere near a Zeppelin—in October, '15—to being the Chief of the Air Staff takes in a Service life that includes command of a bomber group, of Coastal Command; of having his house about his head in Quetta; directing at Camberley and hunting with the Drag; command of the R.A.F. in the Mediterranean and Middle East. Sir John Slessor writes with charm and authority about it all. Perhaps the most valuable part is his lengthy documentation of Chiefs-of-Staff planning in the years immediately before the War, and then during the War as A.C.A.S. to Portal. The politicians, sailors and soldiers come in for some hard knocks; and the sailors quite obviously deserved them as much as the others (they were always after their own air force; they decried the idea of land-based aircraft attacking enemy shipping; they wanted to control Coastal Command). Out of it all, and out of Heinkel's book, there comes this constant story of everyone's exaggeration of the strength of the German air fleets. Sir John quotes from a memorandum he wrote after meeting Lindbergh in September, '39.

> His whole attitude was that Germany was immensely formidable in almost every way both in her spirit, her national organisation and particularly her Air Force which, he says, is incomparably the strongest in the world, and stronger than that of France, the United Kingdom and the United States of America put together.

In two years less a week the Battle of Britain was over. Lord Beaverbrook called them the "bloody Air Marshals" but their hard work and planning won us the first air war ever: and one of their kind, happily, is now C.-in-C. of N.A.T.O.

The pictures in *He.1000* show a chubby little man with glasses, a big nose and a grin. Sometimes with Lindbergh; with Japanese admirals; with Goering, Hitler and Von Richtofen. He built his first machine in May, 1911; and his two-engined He.280 was the first jet plane ever to fly. His story (told well, with the help of Jürgen Thorwald, and obviously translated right in character by Mervyn Savill) is at its best in the early romantic days of aircraft that looked like winged bicycles. He clearly possesses that impulsive energy which designers of his type must have (it extends with him to parties with the girls and lots to drink). He was tough with the Nazis from the early days; and his comments on the Nazi running of the war on the aeroplane production side made an interesting link with Sir John Slessor's look at the enemy potential. He hopes to go on designing for the supersonic age: but surely the ten years that Western Germany has lost must put them more than a decade behind in a deep-planning, frightfully expensive industry.

The sub-title of Dr. Bartz's book is *The Struggle and Defeat of the German Air Force 1939-1945*. It is written in his readable way; tells us nothing much we do not know, but by dramatising events and personalities adds its own tinge of adventure story to the school-solution manner of Sir John Slessor and the irritated hopping about of Heinkel. There are completely unnecessary chapters about Guderian's tank advance in France and the invasion of Crete: good ones on radar and Pëenemunde. Two of the most fascinating figures in the Luftwaffe were Jeschonnek and Udet: the first the Chief of Staff and the second (a famous pre-war stunt pilot) in charge of the technical development of new aircraft. Both talented men, they were caught up in the strange climate of hysterical acquiescence that surrounded Hitler. They saw the wrong planes being developed; they heard Goering's lies about the fighter and bomber strengths, they played industrialists off against each other. And in the end both committed suicide. Perhaps the most tragic and extraordinary story is the failure of air-supply to the Germans at Stalingrad. "One Ju-52 brought us nothing but sacks of pepper" is reminiscent of the shipload of left boots that went to the Crimea a hundred years before.

The Lorraine Squadron was formed in Equatorial Africa by a group of French pilots after Vichy, in late 1940. They were equipped with Blenheims and fought through the Italian War in the Middle East then with 2nd Tactical Air Force from 1943 until the end of the war. It is another lively account of the pilots' war in the air. *Beyond Courage* describes air battle in the Korean War—Sabre jet against Mig 15—with drama and emotion. But it is chiefly a collection of the escape stories of a series of American pilots shot down behind the enemy lines who got back to their own side through prison camps, frostbite and snow. With the pilots who fought in the Battle of Britain they have obvious technical skill in common, beside the courage. But the fighting has speeded up: we are in a period that is more than ten years removed from "the first air war." The planner's and commander's desk; the drawing board of the designer: the "man-in-the-street" historian; the pilots themselves; this is a fair collection of angles on air warfare. Of them all, Sir John Slessor's is obviously of lasting value.

BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

Mythopœic Genius

The Marble Threshing Floor. By PHILIP SHERRARD. *Vallentine Mitchell.* 21*s.*

> Everywhere in Greece are memory and sense stimulated, stimulated by the abundant evidence of a break-through of the invisible world into the world of time and place. The spirit of man in its strange unpredictable course over the earth has taken up residence among the people of this peninsula not in one shape but in many. . . . It is in Greece perhaps more than in any other European country that one can become aware of the extraordinary variety of which this same spirit is capable when it embodies itself on earth . . . the power which at one moment can appear as a Dionysus on the frieze of an ancient temple, the next as a pantocrator in the dome of a Christian church, and then again as the dance of sailors in some Ægean sea-port.

This power Mr. Sherrard shows appearing in the mythopœic genius of three dead poets of modern Greece: Solomos, Palamas, Sikelianos—and of one living poet, M. George Seferis. Cavafis, the Alexandrian, he treats as outside this tradition.

This aspect of Greek poetry is presented by careful analysis, and illustrated by sensitive and commendably bleak translations, in which the translator has modestly effaced himself. He believes that in Greece, which, unlike Western Europe, never knew the cultural break of the Renaissance, poetry has retained a traditional, supra-individual character which it has lost elsewhere. This thesis he fully develops for, as he rightly says: "The critic who does not take upon himself the responsibility of saying what a poet's communication is, will tend to become a grammarian among critics." He owns, however, that when the critic devotes himself to "Ideas and significances," it often seems to the reader as if he had left out of account "the nature and the value of the poetry." This must sometimes be the reader's feeling, as he follows Mr. Sherrard's analysis. For poetry, whatever supra-individual character it may retain in Greece, has there, as elsewhere, been written by individual poets; not by the spirit of man, but by several highly idiosyncratic men. Moreover poetry is made not of "ideas and significances," but of words.

In a book designed for the English reader, in which no word after the title-page is allowed to appear in the Greek alphabet, Mr. Sherrard has naturally been unable to say much about the words themselves, in which most of the "value" of the poetry lies. And yet more could and should have been said, even within these restrictions, about the extraordinary language, so ancient and so constantly changing, on which Solomos and Palamas have firmly put their mark. Nothing is here said about the struggle between *katharevousa* (the pedantic, artificial language) and demotic Greek, a struggle which these two great poets won for the living language. Calvos, the strange poet of the War of Independence, who wrung a cold beauty out of the stiff *katharevousa* is omitted, without any explanation; his poetry (ranked in Greece with that of Solomos and Palamas) is interred on the first page of this book as obscurely as his body is interred in Lincolnshire. Nor can any account of Solomos be considered satisfying, in which the extraordinary musical quality of his verse is quite unmentioned. It was for this effect that he most laboured, leaving a number of variants for many of his lines. Professor Jenkins has done him better justice, as the author of the loveliest bird-song in all poetry; and M. Robert Levesque has come nearer to giving a true account of Greek poetry when he speaks of the strange anomaly by which it starts with its Mallarmé (Solomos), and leaves its Hugo (Palamas) to come later.

If the "value" of the poetry lies mainly in the words, some of its "nature" is to be found in the "nature" of the poets, and Mr. Sherrard has been unduly disdainful of the biographical approach. He says nothing of Solomos's deep hatred of his mother (which has considerable bearing on the "Woman of Zacynthos"), nor of his intemperance—latterly only methylated spirits and eau de

Aunt Eliza

Who wed her loaf and
made a Happy Marriage

When Aunt Eliza was a girl
She dearly loved the Social Whirl
And took in all the Best Events
But never read Advertisements:
Not one. She never knew just what
To buy, or whether to or not.
Until one day her latest beau
(Soon to be known as Uncle Joe)
Arrived quite unexpectedly
And found no Hovis there for tea.

"But what is Hovis, Joseph dear?"
She asked; then wiped away a tear
When he replied that every wife
Knew Hovis was the Slice of Life.
"Come now," he scoffed, "have you not read
About that Lovely Loaf of Bread,
How Good it is, and Wholesome, too?"
"My love, I've not." "Then see you do!"
She did. And ever since that date,
Her Joe's had plenty on his plate

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Cologne were strong enough for him—which is a partial explanation of his Coleridgean incapacity to finish anything. He does not mention Palamas's personal and professional difficulties, attendant on his championship of the demotic language, although this is of more moment than his putative relationship to St. Gregory Palamas, which is mentioned. Nor is anything said about Cavafis's curious method of publication, sending out his poems to chosen people on *feuilles volantes;* and yet this is significant of his attitude to his work.

Mr. Sherrard has a thesis, and it contains a great deal of the truth about Greek poetry, but not the whole truth (nor does he suggest it). Translated into Greek, as it deserves to be, it will be one of the most valuable books on its subject. For an English reader it is perhaps too much limited in intention to serve as an ideal introduction to some of the most interesting poetry of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

ROBERT LIDDELL

Gramophone Records

IT is not many years since it was an almost universal dogma of English critics (this paper was an honourable exception) that after *Ariadne auf Naxos,* Richard Strauss had written no opera of interest or value. As, however, people actually came to hear and see the works they had so blithely written off, Strauss's stock began to rise again, and today the pendulum has swung so far that *Die Frau Ohne Schatten* is in danger of overvaluation. Short of performances in London from a visiting company or of a holiday spent in Munich or Vienna, most of us would be unlikely to be able to make up our own minds about this huge work, so that a recording issued by Decca on five discs is particularly welcome.

This is in the main the production that formed a high point of the musical celebrations during the re-opening of the Vienna State Opera last winter. As a recording it is first class. As a performance it is an exceedingly competent affair that nonetheless never touches the heights of Kleiber's *Rosenkavalier* recording. The orchestral playing is sumptuous yet not, I thought, always as lucid as it might be; most of the singing is good yet tends somehow to be rather routined and unimaginative. All this, it seems to me, reflects on the conductor, Karl Böhm, who, although a highly competent *Kapellmeister,* is not the man to infuse passion and understanding into singers. Leonie Raysanek and Paul Schöffler as the Empress and Barak are the best of the bunch. All in all, a most acceptable rather than an artistically outstanding recording.

Bruckner is another late romantic composer who has recently come into his own, notably since the advent of the LP record. In recent weeks there have been two new recordings of his vast and noble Eighth Symphony in C minor. The choice is between van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra on Philips, and Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna, conducted by Horenstein, on Vox, and it is, mercifully, not a difficult one to make. Except for the scherzo I found the whole van Beinum performance so wooden and stodgy, and finally so lacking in cohesion, that by the time the final chord had sounded I had the warmest sympathy for those who claim to find Bruckner insupportable.

The Horenstein performance on Vox is not only much better recorded but shows a much more sensitive understanding of Bruckner's elusive idiom. With the exception of the scherzo, where the Concertgebouw brass shows to advantage, Horenstein's phrasing is more plastic and alive, his rhythms more defined and, above all, he imparts an absolutely firm sense of symphonic movement. Horenstein uses not the old *Originalfassung* (van Beinum's choice), but what is called the 1890 version which now seems to have the approval of scholars. This is the score published in the new blue series of the Bruckner-Verlag. The Vox recording spreads over four sides as against three sides on Philips (on the fourth of which is a performance of Schubert's Third Symphony), but I think that economy here would be misguided.

It is less easy to make such a definite choice between a new DGG recording of the marvellous Ninth Symphony (perhaps the summit of Bruckner's achievement) by Eugen Jochum and Horenstein's performance on a Vox record. There is a good deal to be said for Jochum's performance. The recording is absolutely first-rate, with superb string tone such as no other company seems to be able to equal; and the actual orchestral playing is magnificent in every department. Jochum brings off really exciting orchestral *tours de force*; but in so doing he exaggerates tempi in a way that suggests some lack of feeling for Bruckner's idiom and gives the performance a rather theatrical and Wagnerian quality. I would finally opt for Horenstein, who gets the symphony on to two instead of three sides.

HMV have issued on a ten-inch disc a most beautiful performance of Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder.* These songs are usually sung by a contralto, but the composer's original choice was a baritone. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sings with an amazing variety of expression and tone. Yet he never suggests any striving after effect, for all he does seems to flow spontaneously from deep absorption in the music. In less distinguished hands these songs can sound a trifle maudlin, but here they achieve a real nobility. The orchestral performance under Kempe is at once deeply felt and utterly lucid, and the playing of all sections of the Berlin Philharmonic is first class. The recording is spacious and extremely well balanced.

Kempe, Fischer-Dieskau and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, together with Elizabeth Grümmer and the choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, Berlin, are also responsible for a splendid HMV recording of Brahms's *A German Requiem.* This performance (fitted into three as against four sides) outclasses the DGG issue on all counts. Kempe has the pulse of this mainly slowly moving music in his hand and thus, except for a rather unincisive rhythm in *Alles Fleisch ist wie Gras,* is much more successful than Lehmann in keeping the music on the move without hurrying it. Fischer-Dieskau sings with that quality of meditative *Innigkeit* that so eludes British baritones but which is exactly what this music requires; and here at any rate deep emotion is wonderfully contained in a steady vocal line. Grümmer has a rather obtrusive vibrato, but her simple, direct and unaffected style is infinitely preferable to the mannered artificialities of some Viennese soprani, which can be peculiarly irritating in a work like this. The Berlin Philharmonic is again in splendid form and the choral singing is marred only by an occasional timid entry and by exposed lines that are not always firmly maintained. But the choir's soft singing, as in *Selig sind die Toten,* is most sensitive. The recording is spacious and suffers only in loud passages from a heavy, rather muffled bass. This deeply felt performance made me more intensely aware of the work's beauty than before.

An affectionate and well-phrased performance of Brahms's Second Symphony by Walter and the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra on Philips is marred by a finale taken hell for leather, and by a cramped recording in which strings constantly swamp the wood-wind, so that the final effect is unpleasantly thick and congested. If not an outstanding issue it is worth attention as the disc also fits in an acceptable performance of the Variations on a Theme of Haydn. Here the sound, if hard, is at any rate spacious and fresh. I found a Nixa recording of the Brahms C minor Symphony conducted by Boult a most disappointing issue, pedestrian in style, boxy in recording, with poor orchestra playing, notably from the oboes of what is described as the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra of London. But I cannot imagine any lover of Brahms's lesser works failing to be enchanted by a warm, poetic and immensely human performance of the early B flat trio by Stern, Casals and Myra Hess. The Philips recording is adequate. To conclude this Brahms group, mention should be made of an admirable performance and recording of the A minor Quartet. The HMV disc is backed, however, by Schubert's early and quite unremarkable E major Quartet (Op. 125 No. 1).

Telefunken have issued a recording by Joseph Keilberth and the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra of Reger's Variations and Fugue on a theme of Hiller. This well-recorded performance has opened my ears to Reger's music and done much to explain the enthusiasm of musicians as discriminating as Fritz and Adolf Busch for this composer. In some ways the Hiller Variations stem from Brahms's Haydn Variations. But the interesting thing about the music is that while on the one hand it is richer, more involved and much more intensely chromatic than Brahms, on the other hand the evident influence of Bach seems to look forward to Hindemith. Certainly the music is much fresher, less stodgy and congested than I had expected (and certainly no more so than Vaughan Williams). The pulse is admittedly slow and the manner a trifle long-winded but there are many surprisingly subtle and delicate passages and even an occasional glimpse of sly humour. The performance sounds a good one, at any rate until the last variation which Keilberth fails to make lucid, while the playing of the involved and fascinating fugal finale (undoubtedly difficult to bring off) is ruined by strings that render woodwind and even brass inaudible.

Liszt is one of the key figures of High Romanticism, yet his orchestral music remains poorly represented in the catalogues. Decca have repaired a large gap by issuing a performance of the *Faust Symphony* in which the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra is conducted by Argenta. I don't find this as entirely bad as some of my colleagues. But if the performance catches the Berliozian élan of the music, it entirely fails to bring out the warm romanticism of the lovely Gretchen movement. A good recording covers

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three sides and is unattractively backed by a mediocre performance of *Les Préludes*, in which Argenta conducts the Suisse Romande Orchestra.

A fresh and lively performance of Schumann's Second (C major) Symphony by George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra is ruined by a villainously shrill and congested recording on a ten-inch Philips disc. Philips also offer a serviceable green label recording and performance of Neilsen's Third Symphony by the Danish State Radio Orchestra under John Fransden.

To come nearer home, Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra have recorded glowing performances of Delius's *Sea Drift* and the rather more interesting *Paris*. The woodwind playing is superlative and the Philips recording is splendid. I have no doubt that Butterworth's "Shropshire Lad" songs earn a place in any anthology of English music, for the composer had a real if limited talent. But I take leave to doubt if all eleven songs wear well if heard at a single hearing, and I am even more doubtful whether an Anglophile music lover in foreign parts (and it is, after all, these people whom the British Council have in mind) is likely to be greatly stimulated by them. They are sung with stolid competence on a ten-inch HMV disc by John Cameron, Gerald Moore accompanying.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,374

Set by G. de Vavasour

The classic nursery rhymes, we are told, are in fact cryptic or vestigial records of bygone historical happenings. Prizes are offered for a nursery rhyme current in future centuries, based (as future folklorists may conjecture) on an event of 1955-6. Entries by July 10.

Result of No. 1,371

Set by L. Clarendon

Competitors are asked to compose not more than 14 lines of verse, in whatever form they wish, on the subject of Wimbledon, including the line, "The Centre Court is quite another thing."

Report

Cricket has its Francis Thompson, racing its Masefield. Tennis awaits its laureate in spite of the number of aspirants produced by this competition. Alas, the general run of play rarely rose to Wimbledon level. Many entries were frankly nostalgic. Alberick spoke for these, for his Centre Court was—

Thrilling to watch, no doubt, but not so gay
As the light-hearted game we used to play.

and Guy Hadley's ball-boy Cupid was a pretty thought. The closely contested final, however, lay between Lindley Abbatt and P. M. Three guineas for the former's nightmare of the future, two guineas for the latter's rondel. Gloria Prince and Jock Tam win half a guinea each. Other quarter-finalists: A. M. Sayers, J. A. Lindon, V. R. Ormerod and P. Nicholson.

The old Venutian guide, his green gills faded,
Rapped with six knuckles on the wet pine slat:
"Here, long ago," said he, "ere We invaded,
Upon this Bench the Courts of Wimble sat . . . .
Here was their Sacred Glebe, now dank and muddy,
Their Cour Centrale d'Assise. . . . Ay, slowly here
Dropped Drob his service. Here, serene but bloody,
Fell Hoad's pale Head by Jenkin's crumpled Ear!
The Courts of Law, of Love and of St. James's,
The Court of Common Pleas, that crown'd their King,
Earl's Court, Bolt Court—why, these are noble
nameses!
The Centre Court is quite another thing . . .
"Cold! Cruel! Close! . . ." Dismayed by his antennae,
We bought his silence for a cosmic penny.

LINDLEY ABBATT

The Centre Court is quite another thing
When you consider tennis played at home.
Here stride the champions from Bled or Rome
All dazzling white, six rackets in a sling;
The umpire nods, the eager ball-boys spring,
And Time becomes a golden metronome—
The Centre Court is quite another thing. . . .

When you consider tennis played at home!—
The sodden balls, the net tied up with string,
The raucous cries of "who's to serve to whom?"
The break for ice-cream when the neighbours
come,
The lobs, the laughter—and the arguing!

The Centre Court is *quite* another thing.

P. M.

I shall not grieve though you obliterate
All circuses of pomp where princes dwell,
Blot out the empty grandeur of the Great,
Raze each domain of sycophant and king;
But spare the court where Drobny serves so well—
The Centre Court is quite another thing!

I shall not mourn though you efface the scene
Of any military murder-hell;
Plough under Flodden, Hastings, or the green
Of Eton's playing-fields, and I may sing;
But do not touch the turf where Huber fell—
The Centre Court is quite another thing!

GLORIA PRINCE

She gyred and gimbled on
Of a place called Wimbledon,
Of racquets, courts and cross-shots, smooth and
rough.
She nattered deuce and volleys,
Lobs and legs and lace-edged follies,
Drobny, Buxton, Bloomer, Becker, Hoad and
Brough.

When it got too much to bear,
I, in absolute despair,
Took Maugham's advice on women-silencing.
So now they drag me daily
From my cell to the Old Bailey
—The *Centre* Court is quite another thing.

JOCK TAM

City Lights

Straight as a Board

Perhaps the Institute of Directors should establish a code of professional conduct. It would have its risks; the association of small H.P. finance houses laid down strict conditions for membership and got only two recruits. Any trade union leader will tell you that you only get people to join something by not expecting too much of them. But something will really have to be done to protect shareholders from their directors.

Take the case of Mr. Clore. He was enjoying himself quietly at Ascot last Thursday, serene in the knowledge that Cloremanship had triumphed and that Sears was now the majority shareholder in Scottish Motor Traction, when he received an unpleasant piece of news. The old board of directors had held a hurried meeting the previous evening. It had decided to use up most of the company's spare cash in buying a company called Atholl Houses, to give an option over the garage properties to a company called Atholl Developments and to appoint a Mr. Richard Scott of Atholl Houses as chairman of S.M.T.

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Company Meeting

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ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR'S TRADING

The twenty-seventh annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals Limited was held on June 25 at The Caxton Hall, Westminster, London, S.W.1, Mr. Fred. T. Jackson, O.B.E., Comp.I.E.E. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:—

We have had another successful year and the profits have again increased. The new business taken during the year under review constitutes a record in the history of your Company. The results arising from this new business will be apparent in 1956.

Looking ahead as far as the current year is concerned, business taken during the first four months of 1956 is considerably in excess of that taken during the corresponding period in 1955. The service rendered to subscribers by your Company has a great bearing on productivity, and the increase of business is partly due to the fact that industrialists are becoming more production-minded. I might point out to you that the whole of the business carried out by your Company is a very great aid to business economy and productivity.

Provided wage demands and inflation in this country are halted, and production and exports increase, I see no reason why we should not look forward to equally good results in this current year.

The report was adopted.

Jobbers widened their prices. Mr. Fraser withdrew his offer. It was not clear what was involved in these transactions, how they would affect Mr. Clore, what Mr. Richard Scott was after: the main thing was to call in Sir Hartley and slap on an injunction. It seems fairly clear now, in fact, that the main object of the S.M.T. directors was to frustrate Mr. Clore. The option over the garage properties would have hampered him for some time in selling them. The £850,000 price for Atholl Houses (a very high one, on what little is known about the company) was to be adjustable on valuation of its assets, and a large part of S.M.T.'s cash would have been kept from Mr. Clore until this valuation was done. According to the ex-chairman of S.M.T., Mr. Scott had said to Mr. Fraser that "he had entered into transactions which would have the effect of stripping the company and leaving it an empty shell," and that he would unscramble them if Mr. Fraser would join the board. Mr. Fraser, however, seems to have been as indignant about the business as Mr. Clore. The petition for an injunction presented to a Scottish court was couched in such strong terms that the defendants wilted. Both the Atholl transactions have been withdrawn, and Mr. Clore's party now occupies the board room.

Even though many details of this business remain obscure, it seems clear that the S.M.T. board has acted consistently throughout. For a considerable time it failed to invest the company's liquid assets and so deprived shareholders of a reasonable return from their property. When Mr. Clore appeared with an offer to double the value of the shares, the board's first instinct was to keep news of the offer from the public. When this attempt failed, they tried to keep their position, first through a last-minute offer to double the dividend, and then by introducing a counter-bidder. And when, finally, Mr. Clore's bid had succeeded, they followed a course which would have removed the assets from his control.

* * *

Standard Motor has been in all the headlines. The story is an old one, but the Trinidad Oil takeover has given fresh point to anything smacking of a U.S. invasion. All that is known is that four nominee accounts have been buying the shares steadily since February, and that their holdings now add up to 10 per cent. of the equity capital. All the obvious possibilities have denied any hand in the buying. It might, of course, be for investment, but a bid seems more likely. The publicity, in any case, will not make it easier to buy shares in the market cheaply. A more definite case of U.S. buying is Harrods (B.A.), where U.S. buyers have been in the market, and careless of price rises, for four months. And then Mr. Landegger, who lost Millspaugh to Hadfields some months ago and now holds a sizeable share of Hadfield's capital, must be anxious to recoup his losses. The obvious way would be to get a group of American steel firms interested in the possibility of taking over Hadfields.

* * *

The policy of Amalgamated Limestone makes an interesting comment on the Overseas Trading Corporation proposal. Made public six years ago to take over various interests from the parent company, Amalgamated Roadstone, the company is a large shareholder in cement companies in Kenya and Ulster. The policy it has adopted is to finance their expansion through loan stocks, rather than equity capital: their profits are then used to repay the loans and to expand further.

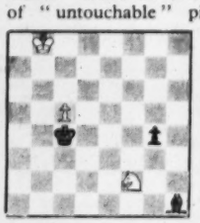
With the introduction of Overseas Trading Corporations, affecting most large British companies, the Amalgamated Limestone policy might become common. It would be possible to finance expansion by loans from the parent, to devote profits to repaying these loans and to end up with a large company on a small capital sale. If arrangements could be made to realise the capital profit with subsequent repurchase, tax-free capital dividends might become the rule.

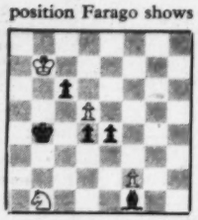
TAURUS

The Chess Board

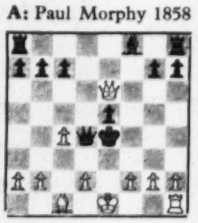
No. 346. Noli Me Tangere

In the modern world this may well seem an outmoded injunction, but there is much to be said for it in certain chess-endings. Take the primitive and yet highly instructive position of the White K at c4 with a P at a4 and b4, the Black K at f2 with a P at b6 and f5. After (1) P-R5, PxP White must not recapture since by the time he queens his P the Black P would reach his 7th and, being a BP, could force the draw. Hence White can only win by (2) P-Kt5 leaving the Black P to serve as a "tempo-mover" while his K is stalemated. On this subject of "untouchable" pieces the Russian composer P. Farago has just published a most interesting analysis. Here is one of his studies showing how Black can force the win by (1) . . . P-Kt6, (2) KtxB, P-Kt7, (3) P-B6, P-Kt8(Q)! Naturally, if Black took the Kt, White would escape with a draw; but by leaving the Kt alone Black can win comfortably since after (4) P-B7, Q-QKt3 ch, (5) K-B8 the Black K can approach without fear of stalemate. In a rather more complex position Farago shows us a most interesting exception to the rule that an "untouchable" enemy Kt should help the Q to force a win against a K-supported BP on the 7th. Since (1) P-Q6 would be refuted by . . . B-R6, followed by . . . P-K6 White's only chance is (1) Kt-Q2, whereupon . . . B-R6 could be countered by (2) PxP and . . . B-Kt7 by (2) P-Q6. Hence, (1) . . . P-K6, (2) PxKP(best), QPxP, (3) KtxB, P-K7, (4) PxP(best), P-K8(Q)!, (5) P-B7, Q-K5 ch, (6) K-Kt8(best). So here we have what looks like the standard position, but it just happens to be one in which White can force the draw after all. If Black plays (6) . . . Q-K4 White can indirectly cover his precious BP by (7) Kt-K3 and the subsequent threat of the "fork-check" at Q5. After Black's obvious (7) . . . K-B4 White can force the draw by (8) Kt-B4 (depriving Black of the square g6). But if the Kt, banking on his untouchability, went to Q5 Black would win after (8) . . . K-B3, (9) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-Kt3, (10) Kt-Q5 ch, QxKt!, (11) P—Q, Q-Q3 ch, etc. Matters are neatly reversed, though, if Black chooses the alternative (6) . . . Q-B5, (7) Kt-K3, K-B4. Now White's only drawing chance is (8) Kt-Q5!, Q-K4, (9) K-R7!, etc., whereas (8) Kt-B4? would be defeated by . . . K-B3, (9) Kt-R5 ch, K-Kt3, (10) Kt-B4 ch, QxKt!, (11) P—Q, Q-B5 ch, etc.





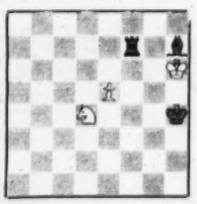
A: Paul Morphy 1858



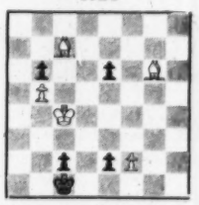
The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White gave a mate in 4. **B** (a draw) should be none too difficult for 6 ladder-points nor **C** (a win) for 7 if I add the useful hint that it is quite a classic and that competitors should bear the word *zugzwang* firmly in mind.

Usual prizes. Entries by July 9.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1926



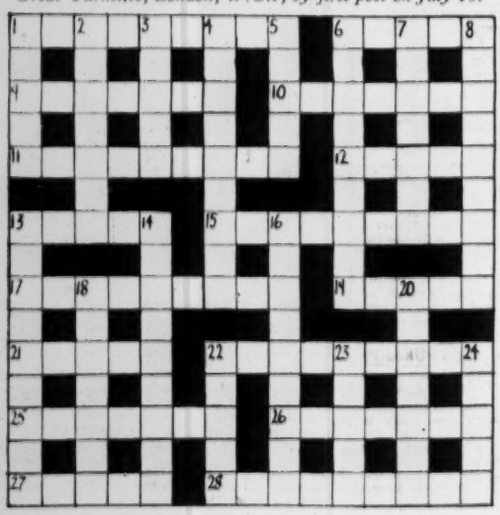
C: Leonid Kubbel 1924



The report on Competition No. 343 is held over until next week.

Week-end Crossword No. 205

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 205, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 10.



ACROSS

1. Feed the established Arsenal back (9).
6. Names places in which I am not to be found (5).
9. Bullets for investigators (7).
10. Root cut after equal value (7).
11. Members without a bye in the voting; they are largely made out of canvas (9).
12. If society were inside it, it would change into less luxurious accommodation (5).
13. Yes, in the high school there is a place (5).
15. The husband in the devil's grasp is a good fellow (9).
17. The child with a grasp of complicated events becomes a writer (9).
19. Part of the house with a welcome in the middle (5).
21. A beating for the seeds (5).
22. Bill has a letter from a minor literary figure (9).
25. Steal a not quite clean piece of meat (7).
26. Vermin possibly in bodies (7).
27. Checks the word bases (5).
28. These are necessary for men-at-arms (9).

DOWN

1. Either way it is preconcerted (5).
2. The dullness of work on a built-up area (7).
3. We come in the bottom of pitchers or jugs (5).
4. Reveals the record is beaten (9).
5. A poser reformulated as objects of knowledge (5).
6. Rearrangement of the orchestra for the exponent of the slow movement (9).
7. A child of small account? (4, 3).
8. Takes one's place to eat vegetables (9).
13. Perhaps spies hope for means of putting out the fire (9).
14. "Brown —— of leaves that lag My forest-brook along" (Coleridge) (9).
16. Peculiar behaviour of a chap upsetting the miners (9).
18. Build up the beginning of a green lane perhaps (7).
20. Group of buildings with what sounds like an upper room in the front (7).
22. Animal in cap and apron (5).
23. Place with a climbing service (5).
24. Artlessly resumes tranquillity (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 203

V	E	R	I	S	O	P	H	T	■	R	E	B
U	S	■	A	■	A	■	O	■	E	■	R	O
O	T	T	E	R	■	R	O	U	N	D	S	O
F	■	E	■	T	A	■	T	■	O	■	W	■
T	A	S	P	I	R	A	T	E	■	T	U	R
N	I	P	■	A	■	E	■	H	■	T	■	N
E	■	B	A	Y	S	■	S	E	C	O	N	D
W	I	N	D	■	A	■	E	■	C	■	S	■
N	■	S	■	M	■	A	■	C	O	R	R	E
G	I	D	O	R	■	O	P	A	L	■	K	■
L	■	S	■	B	■	M	■	R	■	W	E	L
K	I	N	■	R	U	N	A	B	O	U	T	■
A	■	E	■	B	■	T	■	N	■	L	■	Y
U	■	R	A	M	P	A	G	I	N	G	■	A
L	I	E	N	■	D	■	A	■	C	■	F	■
A	■	Y	■	S	■	I	■	S	A	N	D	Y
■	F	L	Y	■	P	A	P	E	R	■	S	■

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 203

M. D. Grieveson (Darlington), Mrs. Long (London, W.11.), Miss Lorna Curtin (Sydney)

PERSONAL

UKRAINIAN (Engineer) sks. empl., or acc. in exch. Russian lessons. Box 5684.

2 yng. men grads. motor S. France July 13 2 wks. 2 seats avail. Sh. exp. Box 5788.

FRENCH educated girl, 30, seeks work London family Sept. 15. Speaks Eng. M.P., 66 Dorchester Rd. Weymouth, Dorset.

BOAT £40. Converted Pontoon, 20ft × 6ft, 2 cabins. Sound cond. Dinghy. PRI. 6806.

MOTOR Caravan. Absolutely unique. Mobile. Excell. cond., fully fitted. Spec. built for painter/writer who, emigrating after 3 snug winters, sadly asks £500. Advert., Smoke Houses, St. Ives, C'wall.

ALVIS Speed 20, 1935, excel. mechan. order and presentable bodily condition. Carefully maintained. £100. FLA. 5950.

SAILING barge, 85 × 19ft. Delightful mooring Chiswick Mall at 35s. p.w. Hull excellent condition. Cent. heat., elec., Rayburn, tel., large saloon, 3 double, 1 single cabins, galley, bathroom. £1,900 or near offer. Apply: Welton, 8 St. Peter's Sq., W.6.

WEST End, Marylebone, Bayswater, Holborn. Study Circle wants basement for evenings. Offers: 128 Burnley Road, N.W.10.

BACH. musician, 28, invites unusual holiday suggestions August/part. Box 5703.

COUNTRY cottage (con. heating, etc.) free in return supervision 2 children (daily help) next Dec.-Feb. Parents abroad. Irwin, Bellman's Green, Edenbridge, Kent.

HILLMAN Minx and driver (woman 50's) available for odd week-ends and short periods after middle of July. Box 5643.

CHALET to let (part or whole), every comfort, moderate terms. View of lake & mountains, mod. convs. Lake of Thun. Reduction for long let. Saunders, Chalet Margriti, Hunibach bei Thun, Switzerland.

MEDITERRANEAN villa to let, Sept., £48. Fregene, 20 mls. from Rome, in a pine-wood. 1 dining-sit.-rm., 4 bed., sleep 8 (or more), kit., terrace, large garden, garage. Sea 10 mins. Ring Delaney, WIL. 0591.

LONDON-Basle. Up to two car seats available (tourer). July 14. Box 5774.

LADY/couple offered month's holiday Devon seaside village for part-time cooking, sewing & gardening. Till July 27. Box 5776.

FRENCHWOMAN, painter, 40's, seeks hospitality England, July, August, in return for language tuition (French, Spanish) or help in business or shop. Box 5741.

WOMAN or husband & wife with 1 or 2 boys, 11-14, to combine duties home help with hol. edge Dartmoor. Aug., Sept. Grainger, West Hill, Okehampton 278.

HUMANE Pub. Schoolmaster wants Summer job. French, Ital., Ger. Box 5659.

GERMAN family in Köln sk. respectable & capable German-speaking Englishwoman to look after 3 girls aged 4, 8 and 12. Help kept in house. Gd. salary & own room. Write in first inst. giving dtls. career. Box 5547.

SPINET for sale, 5-octave; £75. View W.5. Box 5400.

BALEARICS: exch. lovely 4-rm. apt. for Lond. acc Aug. &/or Sept. Box 5522.

FOUR original paintings (signed), Vanessa Bell still life £12; Henry Lamb landscape £12; Robert Medley Thames £9; Nigel Lambourne Bullfighter £9. Box 5570.

EX-sec. sks. partnership/part interest small established bus. Lon. area. Box 5591.

BACHELOR (34) on leave England Aug. to Nov., seeks companion (m.) for holiday travel in U.K. possibly Continent also. Own car. Suggestions welcomed. Box 5596.

EXPERIENCED traveller, linguist, avail. Aug., September. Box 5825.

GRAMMAR school educ. young lady (21) sks. post as nanny/governess with English speaking family abroad. Box 5597.

TO let on Lake Garda, large furn. studio, dble. bedroom, kit., gas-cooker, elec., own olive-grove & vineyard. 30gns. p. mth. Apply Marlisa, Torri del Benaco, Verona.

GARAGE accommodation available Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7. £1 per week. Ring daytime SLO. 0036, evening WES. 4693.

PIANO—amateur would house and look after good grand/upright. HAM. 6920.

CARAVAN for sale. 2-berth, fully furn. Site Littlehampton. Reas. offer. Box 5751.

ROME. Anglo-Italian family seeks experienced, responsible mother's help from Oct., children 9, 7, 6, 4. Small salary, free time, write Marsan, Via Amiterno 3, Rome.

EXCEL. Home to Home exch. and paying guest visits arranged, students and visitors going abroad. Continental visitors also placed with gd. families. Regent School of Languages, 24 Haymarket, S.W.1. TRA. 3011.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WBS. 2341.

HOSPITALITY and care for convalescence or for aged or disabled. Garden-drawing-room, lovely house. HAM. 2281.

THE publishers of "New Helios"—a poetry magazine—invite MSS for consideration. First issue to appear Sept., '56. Communications to Peter Jones, New Helios, c/o 47 Landseer Rd., London, N.19.

NICE, South of France. Furn. dble. bedroom & sitting-room, use bathroom & kit. Near sea front. Rent 4,000 fr. per wk. Vacant July and from Sept. 15. Write Miss Ivanova, 3 Ellerdale Rd., N.W.3.

COSTA Brava, Blanes, Spain. Several flats and villas still to let for first fortnight July or either fortnight September. Details: Dr. C. Cooper.

RELAX in the sun with the Club Mediterranee of Paris at Baratti, Caprera, Capri, Elba and Palinuro. Underwater exploring, water ski-ing, dancing every evening—free. Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 139, Kensington High Street (entrance Wrights Lane), London, W.18. Tel. WEStern 1517.

STILL time for Vienna July 23, Palma August 12, Merano August 4, Yugoslavia August 20, if you fly with R.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

COUNTRY House Holidays, with riding from July 25, Parndon Hall, 45 minutes from London, offers all that the holiday-maker who rides can desire. 20 horses to choose from. Covered school. Day rides in Epping Forest. Competent, keen instruction under Capt. N. A. F. Milton and qualified instructress. Hunting "Essex Hounds," or Gymkhanas according to season. Companionship and organised evening entertainments for teen-agers, comfortable home life in separate house for adults, from 5gns. weekly. Particulars—Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. 'Phone Harlow 24511.

POLLENSA Bay, Tossa De Mar, Torremolinos. Additional accommodation has been reserved for you at new hotels which will open on July 1. You can still book your holiday for July, Aug. and Sept. in these hotels which have been personally inspected by our representatives. 15-day holidays by rail to Tossa (including private shower) from 35gns., by air from 59gns. 15-day holidays by rail to Pollensa Bay (including private bath) from 42gns., by air from 58gns. Vacancies are also available on grand conducted coach tour of Spain from 51 gns.—Bookings can be accepted for Torremolinos via Gibraltar by night flight. Depts. Aug. 18 & 25, Sept. 1, 8, 15, 22 & 29. 16-day holiday £65. Apply for full details to Dept. N.S., See Spain, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Tel. MUSeum 9351/2.

SPAIN? Don't be put off! We still have vacancies July, August, etc. Free Guide from New Vistas Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. (Molesey 2105).

ITALY.—A few vacancies July 29 & Aug. 26. Florence—Pisa—Siena—Rome, 15 days 36gns., or Florence—Pisa, 11 days 29gns. Tuscany & Venice, 15 days 38gns. dep. Aug. 12 only. Details (s.a.e. please) E. T. Association, c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

PAINTING & drawing in unspoilt country within reasonable distance of London. Week-ends or longer. Beginners or more advanced, but essen. serious workers. Box 5364.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Tossa, Torremolinos (Malaga), Portugal (Ofir). A 15-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these finest Mediterranean Paradise holiday resorts or to Portugal on specially advantageous terms, thanks to forward contracts. Prices from 44gns. all inclusive of air fares, board and accommodation. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise to Corsica and Majorca for only 65gns., and a France-Spain leisure tour embracing the French Pyrenees, Andorra, Tossa, Barcelona and Montserrat for only 54gns. Elkan Allan, the B.B.C.'s armchair traveller, writes: "I went on a Horizon holiday myself last year. My honest advice is that if you're considering going to any of the places mentioned—and they are all wonderful places—the best plan is to go with Horizon Holidays." See why. Write or 'phone for 52-page lavishly illustrated colour brochure with 5 maps, to Dept. 26D Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

LAKESIDE Holidays with a chance of interesting excursions! Special suggestion: house party at Montreux (dep. July 29, Aug. 12 & 26) or Fuschl nr. Salzburg (dep. July 28 & Aug. 11), cost from £30. Tickets to Salzburg Festival available. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

EXCITING New Tour of Central European Capitals. Vienna—Budapest—Prague. By rail to Vienna and thence by motor coach. Conducted throughout. Dep. Sundays Aug. 5 & 19, Sept. 2. 14 days inclusive cost 47 gns. Full details from: Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman Street, London, W.1. Tel. MUSeum 8499 & 6463.

HOLIDAYS. Why travel farther and pay more? Write to Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, for vacation list. Checkendon 221.

ASTLEYS of Jermyn St. (108/111), S.W.1. Briar pipe specialists. Your briar pipe (any make) reconditioned & cleaned with pure alcohol, 3s. plus 9d. postage, any quantity. (Foul pipes are injurious to health.) All repairs, new stems, etc. We purchase Meerschaum pipes. Write for price list.

WHO wishes to join holiday group of French children on farm near London Aug./Sept.? Parents & children welcome. Box 5830.

PERSONAL—continued

HOLIDAYS in Britain. All those wanting a cheerful and inexpensive holiday in interesting company will enjoy our informal house parties and weekends by the sea in Sussex, Cornwall or Wales, and International London Week (July 21-28) or a visit to the Edinburgh Festival (Sept. 1-8). Special facilities for foreign language study and family concessions. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

SEATS Riley tourer to Turin Sept. 7/8, retn. 23. Sh. exps. LEY. 1600 w/ends.

FRENCH families welcome English girls into their homes in exch. children's care & light housewk. Service International d'Echanges, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

TO Sorrento or Southend with Exclusive Holiday Wear from Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Open 7 p.m. Thurs., 3 p.m. Sats. New 24-page catalogue sent on request.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd. S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

RICHARD Conwell (B.B.C., Countryman, etc.) can now take few pupils short story course. Personal tuition, modern methods, moderate fees. Send MS. for free criticism & prosp. West St., Kilkhampton, N. Cornwall.

WRITE for Profit. Send for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—the ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn.-5gns. a box. One quality the best! Write for catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sx. Wivelsfield Green 232-233.

ASPIRING journalists & authors. Editress & authoress, tired of supplying free advice, have established a course of personal tuition for those seriously hoping to write professionally. Box 5320.

VERSES, Speeches to order for (almost) any occas. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., L'pool 15. Childwall 4123.

KNOW-How means Writing Success for You. No Sale—No Fees Tuition. Free N.2. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

NERVOUS tension relieved by nerve manipulation. A relaxing and invigorating treatment of proved value in cases of strain and stress, exhaustion, nervous tension, irritability, anxiety, insomnia, fatigue and physical debility. The Nerve Centre, 1, Bentinck St., London, W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure. Rec. by medical profession.

PAYING guests' accom., also exchanges in good homes wanted for foreign children & students, seaside/country. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

IF the idea of a photograph has taken root without germinating in your mind, ring MAI 3200 & discuss it with Anthony Panting.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated & willing, immed. avail. short/long stay. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

AU Pair. German girls, students, available from August-October. Mrs. Sigler's Domestic Agency, 7 Cecil Road, N.14.

MANNEQUINS. Any girl contemplating a career in modelling will receive a frank (and free) assessment of her chances in an interview with Lucie Clayton. Brochure, 449 Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 0667.

BUILT-IN furniture from a single shelf to an entire room. Interior decorations. 16a Hogarth Place, S.W.5. FRE. 3328.

IF editors reject your stories send them to us for first aid. Beginners coached. McLeod, Pyle, Glamorgan.

CONTINENTAL girls sk. domestic posts au pair or full time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

P.S. Do you like statistics? If so, you may be as fascinated as I am by the fact that, in 1955, there were 177 old clients among 1,070 bookings for "Summer Schools Abroad," whereas this year (to date) I have 251 old clients out of 1,027! I look forward to being able to give up advertising, but, in the meantime, invite you to write for a copy of my programme to Harold Ingham Ltd., 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

HOLIDAY on Cornish Riviera. A few guests received in charming house. Judy's Close, Rosehill, Fowey, Cornwall.

KATHLEEN Batten regrets that a fire at Old Flaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead, has made it impossible for her to carry on there and the Hotel is therefore closing on July 7. She is looking hard for another place and will let her previous guests know as soon as she has found another house.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CORNWALL. Comfort and welcome for one or two guests. Modern convs. Farm and garden produce. Superb country. Coast 5 miles. Transport arranged. Write: Mrs. Burke, Tallands, Higher Polsoe, Lostwithiel.

TEIGNMOUTH. S. Devon, close to sea. Comfortable accom.; own cooking facilities. An inexpensive do-as-you-please holiday; children welc., Vac. all mths. Mr. Plath, Westbrook House, Teignmouth, Devon.

FOR the country-lover. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers comfortable accommodation for restful holidays with good food and pleasant company. Ideal for walking, cycling, sketching.

BEACONSFIELD. Old Jordans Hotel. Quaker Guest Hse., h. & c. every bdrm., int. sprung mattresses. Gd. food in delightful setting. Hse. & gdn. are both peaceful.

BETWS-Y-COED dist., Lledr Valley, mountain sit.; old-world comf.; Cordon Bleu ckg. from £7 12s. 6d. Bwlch Bach Guest Hse., Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Tel. 220.

SUSSEX, 12m Eastbourne. Charm. guest hse., everything home-made. Vegetarians welc. Fr. 6gns. Whinrig, Horam. Tel. 211.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere. From 8½gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

ISLE of Wight Guest House by the sea, 33 acres (5 reserved for nudism, optional fresh water pool). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, child. welc. Broch. (stamp), Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.O.W.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & hrs. Friendly & informal, 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Llanrwst 166.

FOLKESTONE. Delightful Private Hotel in large grounds, facing sea. Individ. attention and friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Billiards. Capel Court, Capel-le-Ferne, Folkestone. Tel. 3462.

HINDHEAD, Surrey. Non-vegetarians & vegetarians alike enjoy first-class vegetarian food at The Rose House, Hindhead. All ages & nationalities & students of all schools of thought interested in active work for world peace welcome. Up-to-date reading. Fine walking country. Holidays, week-ends, longer stays. Brochure on request. Tel. Hindhead 389.

BOURNEMOUTH, W. Small comf. guest hse., gd. food, ev. attention. Families welc. 48 Alumhurst Rd., Westbourne 64727.

KENWYN, 29, West Cromwell Road, Earls Court, S.W.5. Convenient all parts. B. & b. 16s. 6d. (30s. double). FRE. 1000.

NEWPORT, Pembrokeshire, Country, Seaside town. Good accom. H. & C. Spring interiors. June, July, Sept. Terms. Drake, Porthmeor Guest House.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

BOURNEMOUTH/Sandbanks. Beautiful double bedsitt. room with breakfast. 3½ gns. each. BAY. 7292.

LOOK younger—be happy! 7-day regime: relaxation technique, diets, massage, remedial baths & a sylvan retreat. Illus. folder: Vernon Symonds, The Brooklands, Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

18TH Century "Golden Lion Inn," Port Isaac. Excellent cellar. Situated on harbour. Accomm., breakfasts & dinner.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest Hse., The Heads. Happy hols. Lovely Lakeland scenery. Gd. food. A. Horner. Tel. 508.

CONNEMARA. Holidays in cottage by sea. Atlantic beaches, mountains in background. Good food. Full board £4 10s. Children half. Box 5417.

FRANCE. Penestin/Mer., Morbihan. Hotel Plage. Bon accueil. Cuisine beurre. Prix modérés.

AUBERGE du Vieux Moulin, Merigny (Indre). 1,000 frs. per day inclusive. Owner: Ebba McBride.

SMALL hotel for a few guests who like quiet and peace in a sandy bay surrounded by mountains/pinewoods. No shops cafés. Open until end Oct. Write reservation. Residencia Los Pinos, Cala San Vicente, Majorca.

BARCELONA. Sunny bedrooms (two beds), B. & b. (continental), near centre city, 40 pesetas per person daily. English spoken. Sabras, Mariano Cubi 97-3-2.

"IF you are really particular how you eat, spend 5s. on 'The Good Food Guide,' published by Cassell."—Picture Post. Members of the Good Food Club recommend about 700 restaurants and hotels in Great Britain where you can rely on good food at a reasonable price. "Doing an excellent job."—New Statesman. Current edition 1955/56 from all booksellers, 5s.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

YORUBA Historical Research. Applications are invited from Honours-Graduates for the following posts under the Yoruba Historical Research Scheme sponsored by the Government of the Western Region of Nigeria: (1) Research Fellow in History; (2) Assistant Research Fellow in History or Anthropology. For Research Fellow previous experience in historical research essential and for both posts candidates must be able to speak Yoruba fluently. Salary scales: Research Fellow £1,300×£50—£1,650 or £900×£50—£1,200; Assistant Research Fellow, £900×£50—£1,200 or £750×£50—£850 per annum. Grade and point of entry dependent upon qualifications and experience. Appointment for three years in the first instance. Child allowance for up to three children £50 per annum per child. Passage for appointee, wife and up to 3 children under 11 years if appointed abroad. Gratuity at 10% of salary. Applications (six copies) stating age, full qualifications and experience and naming three referees to be received by the Director of the Yoruba Research Scheme, c/o London Representative, University College, Ibadan, 29 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, not later than July 16, 1956.

THE Central Council for Health Education invites applications for the appointment of Education Officer at a commencing salary of £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to a maximum of £1,600 per annum. The commencing point on the scale will be determined according to the experience and qualifications of the successful candidate. Duties will consist largely of lecturing to professional and lay audiences throughout the country on general educational methods and media and educational psychology in relation to health education. A high standard of ability in lecturing and discussion group leadership is required and experience in the production and use of audio-visual materials is essential. The successful candidate will be required to join a Staff Pension Fund. The officer should be willing to spend nights away from home as is required by the work, and for which expenses will be paid. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Director, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Application forms must be returned, together with copies of not more than 3 recent testimonials, by July 13, 1956.

CARNEGIE United Kingdom Trust Research on Young Handicapped Children. Applications are invited for the post of Research Worker in and near Shropshire to study the problems and needs of handicapped children up to the age of 8 and their families. This is part of a national research sponsored by the Carnegie Trustees and going on in two other areas. The appointing committee will look for qualities of personality, insight and capacity for relationships with children and parents; they are not limiting themselves to any predetermined professional qualification, though the kind of experience acquired in child guidance work would be particularly helpful. Experience of normal and handicapped children valuable. Appointment for one year in the first instance. Salary related to qualifications, experience and professional circumstances of person appointed. Further particulars from H. Martin Wilson, County Education Office, Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require an Information Officer in Public Relations Branch, Headquarters, W.1. Preference will be given to candidates possessing an Economics Degree or comparable qualification. An ability to write clear simple English, experience of administration, information work, including collection, classification and indexing of material, preparation of information papers and abstracts, would be an advantage. Salary £740–£819 p.a. Applications, stating age, present position and salary, full details of qualifications and experience, to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley St., W.1, by July 6. Quote ref: AE.840.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Public Health and Social Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Department of Public Health and Social Medicine from graduates in medicine, biology, psychology, sociology, or any other social science. Among the duties of the successful applicant will be participation in research, and it is intended that he should also do some independent research. Salary scale £550 by £50 to £560 per annum, with superannuation benefit and family allowance allowance where applicable. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be lodged not later than July 31, 1956. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

THE University of Hull. Department of Adult Education. Applications are invited for the following posts: (a) Staff Tutor in the History of Art; (b) Temporary Staff Tutor in English Literature, for the period September 1, 1956, to August 31, 1957. Special interest in 20th-century Literature desirable. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience, on the Assistant Lecturer's scale (£550×£50—£650 p.a.) or the Lecturer's scale (£650×£50—£1,000 p.a.). Experience in lecturing to adult students desirable. F.S.S.U. and family allowances (£50 p.a. for each child). Full particulars from the undernoted with whom applications (nine copies) must be lodged not later than July 14, 1956. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CIVIL Engineers. Engineers aged between 25 and 40 years wishing to gain a few years' experience in road and bridge work and in urban water schemes in Eastern Nigeria should apply to the Colonial Office. The salary scales range from £1,388 to £2,094 consolidated with contracts for two tours of 18-24 months each. The entry point is enhanced by one year for each year of approved experience. Quarters are provided at 10% of salary. Loans are given to purchase motor cars and transport allowances are paid. Leave at the rate of one week for each month of service with free passages for the officer and his wife while £75 is payable for each of two children per tour if they come to Nigeria and per annum if they stay at home. A gratuity of £37 10s. is payable for each completed period of three months' service inclusive of earned leave. The Ministers of Transport and Development accompanied by the Director of Recruitment for the Eastern Region of Nigeria will be available in London from July 16 to 21 to give any background information. Write to the Commissioner in the United Kingdom for the Eastern Region of Nigeria, 41 Buckingham Palace Road, London, for an interview.

MINISTRY of Education. Assistant Keeper (Second Class), Victoria and Albert Museum. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for one pensionable post. Age at least 22 and under 26 on August 1, 1956. Age extension for Forces service, established civil service and for exceptional qualifications. Candidates must have, or obtain in the Summer of 1956, an Honours degree in an Arts subject (preferably First or Second Class) or equivalent academic qualification. Knowledge of history of Art and of at least one foreign language an advantage. Starting salary £539, rising to £776 (£701 women), with additions for post-graduate experience and compulsory Forces service. Women's scale being improved under equal pay scheme. Prospects of promotion to Assistant Keeper, First-Class, and to Keeper. Salary scales and conditions of service are under review. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 137/56/7. Completed application forms should be returned by July 12, 1956.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Social Anthropology. Salary scale £600×£50—£700 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary, due consideration will be given to age and experience. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be received not later than September 15, 1956, by the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the following posts in the Department of Philosophy. (a) Assistant Lecturer; salary on a scale £550-£650 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. (b) Temporary Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer for one year (session 1956/57); salary scales per annum, Assistant Lecturer, £550-£650, Lecturer, not more than £900; salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications for both posts should be sent not later than July 21, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained. Applications by letter (no forms) will be accepted from overseas candidates and should state the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Assistant Lecturer in English Literature to begin duties on October 1, 1956, or as soon as possible thereafter. Salary scale: £550×50—£650, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Further information should be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applics. (3 copies) should be sent by July 14, 1956.

ORGANISER required for North Yorkshire area, centre Leeds. Applicants must be able to lecture on several N.C.L.C. subjects. Salary £525 rising by £25 to £600 per annum. Also required is an Administrative Assistant for Central Office at Tillicoultry. Commencing salary £500 per annum. Superannuation scheme. Apply J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

ASSISTANT Secretary (male) required by well-known National Society for eventual appointment as Secretary. Administrative ability essential, musical and literary interests. Moderate but progressive salary, pension scheme. Write fully to Box 5747.

WELL qualified and experienced Warden (male or female) required for large Children's Club in Cardiff, from September 1. Particulars of appointment from Donald Sutherland, Save the Children Fund, 12 Upper Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1.

HAMPSHIRE. Resident Supervisor (woman) required at Red Hatch Girls' Remand Home, Winchester. Some experience with adolescent girls essential. Knowledge of handicrafts an advantage. Salary: £430-£495 p.a. less £113 p.a. for board and lodging. Application forms from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LIBRARIANS Grade IV. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for 4 pensionable posts—2 in the Government Communications Headquarters Library, Cheltenham, and 2 in the Ministry of Supply (Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, Hants., and the Rocket Propulsion Department, Westcott, Bucks.). Age at least 22 years on May 1, 1956. Candidates must be Fellows or Associates of the Library Association, or hold the Diploma of the London University School of Librarianship. Experience of library work essential. For the Government Communications Headquarters posts, knowledge of at least one foreign language and practical experience of telecommunications and electronics technique desirable. For the Ministry of Supply posts, an active interest in scientific and technical developments is required. Starting salary from £459 (women £454) at age of 22 to £534 (women £518) at age 25 or over. Maximum £878 (women £771). Women's pay being improved under equal pay scheme. Promotion prospects. Salary scales and conditions of service are under review. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4605/56/7. Completed applications should be returned by July 23, 1956.

DUNCROFT Approved School. Applications are invited for interesting posts in a Senior Girls' Approved School. Cookery Instructress—preferably with Domestic Science Training or qualifications in Institutional Managements. Salary: Fully Qualified Staff—Burnham scale plus four additional increments. Substantially Qualified Staff—£422×£12 to £525. Unqualified Staff having experience in similar work—£324×£12 to £425. Board and lodging provided at a charge of £108 a year. Housemistress—To be responsible for the social and recreational activities of the girls. Salary: For suitably qualified staff—£450—£620. For unqualified staff £324—£425 including equal pay increments. Board and lodging is provided at a charge of £113 per year. The School accepts girls of reasonably good intelligence who are likely to benefit by psychiatric treatment given in the School. Letters of appl. to Headmistress, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middx.

OXFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Gillott's School, Henley-on-Thames. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Mistress in this experimental girls' technical school. Candidates should possess a degree in History, French or English, and should be prepared to teach one of these subjects throughout the school. Boarding school experience, while not essential, will be regarded as an additional qualification, for the post is a resident one. This somewhat unusual appointment offers opportunities to candidates seeking organising experience. Apply by letter giving full details to Headmistress.

BROCKLEY County School, Hilly Fields (ent. Adelaide Avenue), S.E.4. Applications invited from head and assistant masters for headship of this three-form entry secondary (grammar) school for boys aged 11-18 offering courses leading to G.C.E. ("O", "A" & "S" levels). Under present Burnham conditions school is in group 15 based on average unit total of 1,533 for 1953/55. Post vacant Sept. 1956. Apply on form BO/TSIO Sec. (from TSIOB for candidates who have completed similar form since March, 1955, and have nothing to alter), obtainable from the Education Officer (TSIO), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. Candidates who applied in response to earlier advertisement will be considered without application. Closing date July 13. (1254.)

SURREY Education Committee—Assistant Warden and Assistant Matron required at Starhurst Hostel, Chart Lane, Dorking. Responsible, interesting resident posts for persons with ability to help maladjusted boys of 10-15 years. Further particulars and form of application obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

CITY of Sheffield Children's Department. Child Care Officers (female) Grade A.P.T.1, £530×20—£610. Applicants should hold a Degree, a Diploma in Social Science or similar qualifications, and have experience in dealing with children deprived of a normal home life. Post superannuable; medical examination. Application forms obtainable from the Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1. CAA/16.

DISTRESSED Gentlefolk's Aid Association. The Association will, in the near future, require a Trained Lady Case Worker to succeed Mrs. H. R. Bromley Davenport, who has for many years been our Case and Welfare Secretary. Applicants must be of good education and background and must possess qualities of tact and understanding, and a sympathetic approach to human problems. Several years' experience in social welfare work among gentlepeople is essential. Salary £650 per annum. Applications in writing with full details and testimonials should be sent to: General Secretary, 10 Knaresborough Place, London, S.W.5.

CONCERNED person, man or woman, required to develop social and religious work in Quaker Centre in East London. Write: Secretary, Bedford Institute Association, 128a Hoxton Street, London, N.1.

ASST. Secretary for Lond. Charity. Expnce. & interest in similar work essen. Sal. £520 p.a. Write fully Box 5806.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CENTRAL Council for the Care of Cripples requires Organising Secretary for its newly formed Muscular Dystrophy Group. Experience in organising, fund raising and office administration essential; knowledge of existing services for the disabled desirable. Commencing salary £600 p.a. with travelling expenses. Applications to the Secretary, 34 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of a second Psychiatric Social Worker to the Slough Child Guidance Team. Psychiatrist in charge—Dr. Mildred Pott). Applicants should have had experience in the work of a child guidance clinic and should hold a Mental Health Certificate. The salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council scale for Health Services (Great Britain) for Psychiatric Social Workers. The post is superannuable. Further particulars and forms of application can be obtained from the Principal School Medical Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for post of Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £675 a year. Preference will be given to candidates with a University qualification in Child Care or Social Science. Experience of residential work with children an advantage. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

LONDON County Council requires Assistant Home Help Organiser for duty in first instance in an area of North-East London; energy and ability to manage staff required. Previous experience in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary £493 10s.×£35 5s.—£634 10s., commencing according to quals. and expce. Pensionable post. Applicn. for and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 4 Drysdale Street, N.1. Closing date July 13, 1956.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Supervisor required at Remand Home for 40 boys (Junior and Senior) at Boyles Court, Brentwood. Duties include supervision of boys' occupations (including gardening), and leisure activities and general assistance with the running of the Home. Salary scale £450×£15—£510 less £113 emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SMALL Food Reform, Vegetarian Restaurant Club (London) offers salaried non-residential post to interested person with practical domestic ability. Object—to gain necessary knowledge and experience to take over working executive position in this expanding business. Box 5641.

CLUB Leader (full-time). Man over 25, C. of E., wanted for East London Club. Commencing salary £500 per annum with annual increments. Apply St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, E.2.

ALRESFORD Place Hostel-School, Hants., for maladjusted children aged about 9-16 requires resident woman art teacher who will take full part in community. Write with personal details to C.S.A., 39 Lyndale Avenue, London, N.W.2

WARDEN reqd. for internatl. hostel from Oct. For information please write: I.V.S.P., 19 Pembridge Villas, London, W.11.

WANTED. Supervisor & Instructor for care & training of feeble-minded youths. If married, opportunity for joint post. Apply, giving full dets.: Supt., Purley Park, Reading.

THE British Shipbuilding Research Association has a vacancy for an Assistant Librarian (female) in a Technical Library. Work includes library records, cataloguing, loans, etc. 5-day week, 9.30 a.m. to 5.20 p.m. Canteen facilities. Good salary, pension scheme, pleasant working conditions and good prospects for the right person. Write stating age, education and qualifications to the Secretary, B.S.R.A., 5 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon Street, W.1.

THE Independent Television Authority has a vacancy at its London Office for an experienced Cashier, male or female. The commencing salary would be in the region of £500 or £650, according to experience and ability, though a higher starting salary would be considered for someone with special qualifications. The appointment would qualify for Luncheon Vouchers, three weeks' annual leave and existing holiday arrangements will be respected. After a period of trial the appointment will be pensionable. Applications should be addressed to the Personnel Officer, 14 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

SECRETARY to Head of Hospital Dept. Salary £465 p.a. with 5 increments to £610 p.a. Hours 9-5.30 Mon. to Fri. Alt. Sat. mornings. High standard shorthand and typing reqd. Age 25-45. Apply Sec., Eastman Dental Hospital, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

INTERN. Jewish Welfare organisation reqs. for its Brit. section exp. and intell. women, 30-45, to visit members & enlist new supporters for great humanitarian work. Interesting remun. task for the right persons. Reply, with short curriculum, Box 5623.

GERMAN Shorthand Typist/Secretary, preferably with knowledge of French, and good English, required at the beginning of Sept. by Engineering Company near Victoria Stn. 5-day wk. Good salary. Box 5668.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

METROPOLITAN Borough of Camberwell. Appointment of Resident Warden, Kingswood House (West Dulwich, near Crystal Palace). The salary for this appointment is £670 by annual increments of £25 to £795 per annum (Grade A.P.T. III of the National Scales of Salaries), less value of residence and any other emoluments that may be provided. The person appointed will be responsible for a Community Centre and the co-ordination and, where necessary, organisation of other activities which may include a Hostel and Club. Experience of Community Centre work is essential and some knowledge of catering would be an advantage. Further details and application form may be obtained from Town Clerk, Town Hall, S.E.5. Closing date Monday, July 16, 1956.

EAST Suffolk County Education Committee Youth Service. Appointment of Area Youth Officer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons, with experience of youth work, for the post of Area Youth Officer to develop youth work in the centre and North of the County of East Suffolk. Salary will be Burnham Scale for Assistant Teachers plus a special allowance. Travelling expenses will be paid on the Whitley Scale for a car not exceeding 10 h.p. Forms of application and particulars of the post may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Rope Walk, Ipswich, and should be returned by July 15.

TUTORS reqd. July/August, graduates in modern languages, interested in organising sports, teaching continental students at Country House party. Pleasant holiday post with good salary. Full partics. to Box 5576.

TEACHERS of English. Vacancies in Madrid, October 1956. Both teaching exp. & Spanish essen. Write, giving full details of age, exp. etc., to Box 5728.

GRAD. tutor Comm. Entr. Maths. Sept. Girls' tutorial estab. morns. 12 wk. terms. French, G.C.E. Maths. helpful. Box 5665.

ITALIAN teacher reqd. part-time, native-born. St. Giles School of Languages, 147 Oxford St., W.1. GER. 1460.

PART-time tutors in English required for Italian boys (mornings only) at £4 per week. Central London. Box 5117.

STATISTICIAN (Male) fully qualified required by city shipping office. Write stating qualifications, experience, age and salary to Box ZV.769, Deacon's Advertising, 36 Leadenhall St., E.C.3.

WANTED. Intelligent and original crossword—or crossword-type competition with a new twist. Literary geniuses willing bend to man-in-the-street level for glory & nominal reward, can join queue at Box 5701.

MAN or woman, 25/35, interested in music and preferably with a knowledge of languages, wanted in cataloguing section of the Publicity Dept. of The Decca Record Co., Ltd., 1/3 Brixton Road, S.W.9.

JUNIOR assistant for the Labour Party library and press cuttings service, aged 16-20 years. Applicants who have taken G.C.E. preferred; library experience an advantage but not essential. Salary on scale £200 (at age 16) to £500 (at age 24), according to age. Apply, stating age and experience, to The Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

ADULT Male Finance Clerk with knowledge of book-keeping required for large organisation in Westminster. Knowledge of typing an advantage. Commencing salary £8 14s. per week, rising to £9 14s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superann. provision. Write giving age & particulars of exp. to Box 5573.

RECEPTION & Records Clerk. Intelligent woman 30-40 years reqd. for responsible and interesting post in Central London. No typing, but some knowledge of office routine essential. Starting salary £7 p.w. Apply: Southern Africa Settlement Assoc., Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2.

SECRETARY-Typist with initiative required for progressive position in office dealing with migration and travel arrangements. Apply: Southern Africa Settlement Assoc., Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2.

EDUCATED shorthand-typist/secretary wanted by social agency, Hampstead. Knowledge of German an advantage. Part-time work considered. Box 5766.

EDITORIAL sec. wntd., also cashier/bkpr. for London office of "Forward." Box 5755.

GERMAN shorthand-typist required, full- or part-time, for occasional relief, W.C.1 district. Box 5743.

TYPIST with some shorthand and an interest in music required in the Publicity Dept. of The Decca Record Co., Ltd., 1/3 Brixton Road, S.W.9.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1.

EFFICIENT part-time secretary required by Herbert Spencer. Write to 16, Blomfield Road, London, W.9.

WORKING Housekeeper who likes children wanted from August. Business parents, schoolgirls 3, 5. Live as family, own room, good wage, free time. N.W. London, convenient W.-End, country. Box 5695.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WORKERS' Educational Association. East Midland District. Applications are invited for one or more appointments of tutor organiser in Lincolnshire to replace posts which will soon be vacant. Applicants should be graduates with a degree in a subject(s) appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £550 to £1,050. The starting salary may be higher than the minimum according to qualifications and experience. Particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

VACANCIES at Collet's. Salaries & Conditions acc. Model T.U. Agreement. Multilingual Bookshop Assistant. Shop and clerical duties. Knowl. E. European languages, esp. German. Typing essential. Shorthand an advantage. Charing Cross Rd. Bookshop. Assistant. Shop and clerical duties. Eventually capable of handling mail order department. Typing essential. Head Office Subscription Dept. Clerk/typist. Shorthand an advantage. 5-day week. Holiday arrangements respected. Write 44 Museum St., London, W.C.1, or 'phone Chancery 4756.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists for summer holiday relief work, 10-5, no Sats. Salary £8. Copy Typists £7. Full details Miss Topham, Duttons Secretarial Service, Ltd., 92 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUSeum 7379.

PUBLICITY Department of The Decca Record Co., Ltd., 1/3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9, has three vacancies for men or women for: 1. Record cataloguing and similar duties. 2. Simple book-keeping. 3. A typist with some shorthand and preferably with a knowledge of languages.

PORTMAN Bureau, 78 George Street, W.1. HUNter 0676. Offers high salaried interesting temporary (long or short periods) and permanent secretarial posts.

TWO film artists, London, require fully qualified personal secretary with private telephone, willing to work largely from her own home. Also prepared to undertake shopping, errands, and odd jobs. 5-day week but must be willing to take telephone calls out of working hrs. Commence approx. mid-July. Please write, giving partics. technical qualifs., exp., and salary reqd. to Box 5718.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

HOW about an informal Secretarial Agency for a change? We can offer 1st rate shorthand-typists £8 5s. for temp. work hrs. 10 to 5, copy-typists £7 5s. Joan Tree Agency, 58 Maddox St. W.1. MAY. 6778/9.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League requires shorthand-typist aged 17-30 (salary £350-£400 p.a.); also part-time office helper, with typing (£3 10s. for 20 hours). 'Phone KEN. 6008.

RESIDENT working assistant, not over 40, for pleasant flatlet house S. Kensington. Short hours but must be conscientious and diligent. Apply Mrs. Trotter, 3 Onslow Gdns., S.W.7. KNI. 4998.

REQD.: expd. lady to look after & hskeep. for old lady & gentin. Gnd. fl. flat, no cleang. Miss Powell, 87 Lansdowne Rd. W.11.

EXPERIENCED Assistant Cook required for St. Julians. Woman with child over 5 accepted. Wages by agreement. Community with restaurant, child care. Interview London or Kent. Apply in writing: Secretary, St. Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. Employment in schools, colleges, institutions, offices of societies, etc. Teachers, secretaries, housekeepers, matrons, caretakers, etc. Posts vacant and wanted. Also Lecture and Concert Agency for clubs, colleges, schools.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

DEPENDABLE, cheerful and willing middle-aged couple sk. employment. Previous exp. includes charge of children's home, maintenance, cook-housekg., salesmanship, catering, hotel work. Husband world-travelled, knowl. bookkeeping, typg., dramatics, handicrafts; wife needlework & music. Both good mixers and cooks. Own car. Box 5765.

EDUC. Eastern woman, excel. Engl., sks. post London any capacity where integ., intell. apprec. Remun. unimport. Box 5696.

YOUNG man, 23, intelligent, would like to sell gramophone records, books or Theatre tickets. No qualifications but enthusiastic and adaptable. Box 5628.

EXPERIENCED indexer and proof-reader undertakes work at home. Box 5809.

VERSATILE, intelligent woman (33) seeks interesting, remunerative post. Anything considered. Box 5648.

GENTLEMAN wide experience industry, commerce, home and overseas, good knowledge accountancy, office management, sales, languages, desires employment with resp. responsibility whole or part-time. Remuneration secondary consideration. Box 5618.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

PSYCHOLOGY (evening) student, age 26, I.Q. 155, seeks interesting & remunerative post, if pos. with accom. for family. Box 5710.

YOUNG Painter (male), seeks business post. Experienced public speaking, languages, writing, travel. At present with Educational Publisher, Sales Dept. Box 5702.

FELLOWSHIPS

FELLOWSHIP in Clinical Psychology for potential research worker. Applications are invited from psychologists, interested later to take up an appointment to do research in early social development of children, for a Fellowship to enable the holder to undertake a two-year course of full-time training in clinical psychology. Some knowledge of psychoanalysis and/or ethology and previous research experience desirable but not essential. The Fellowship is valued at £600 per annum, and help towards a personal analysis may be provided later should the Fellow wish to undertake it. Further details from Dr. John Bowlby, Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, 2 Beaumont Street, London, W.1. Applications by July 9.

SCHOOLS

BOARDING School for boys and girls from 4 yrs. Happy surroundings. Recog. as efficient by Min. of Ed. Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. (Co-ed., day and bdg.) based on Steiner methods, avoiding early specialization. Nursery ages 3-6. Lower School 6-14. Upper School 14-18. G.C.E. exams. Transport for young children within 5-mile radius.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38-40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 3-18 educ. for Gen. Cert. of Education & the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St., W.1. REGent 2803. Founded 1901.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. Professional people seeking a well-appointed room with meals, close West End, should call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 47s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

LGE. sgl. furn. rm., N. London. Use tel., linen, b., etc. Ckg. facs. STA. 5085.

ONE-rmd. flatlet 3rd flr., nr. Westbourne Grove, well-fur., lt. ckg. facs., Ascot, own meters. Lady only. 2gns. Box 5698.

WELL-furnished & equipped flat, MOU. 3676; also divan-room & breakfast.

SMALL room (bkfst.) to let in friendly non-orthodox Jewish house. SPE. 4892.

ONE newly dec. well-furn. single bed-sit. rm. c.h., all conv., ckg. facs. Well connected. 'Phone MAI. 8796 after 6.30 p.m.

REGENT'S Pk. house with gdn., slp. 8; July 24-Sept. 20. Nom. rent. Box 5554.

LARGE B/S., share k., bath, nr. W. Hamp. Stn. Suit yng. woman. MAI. 2355.

S.W.11. Adj. Batt. Park, small newly dec. B/S. in bachelor's mansion flat. £2 p.w. inc. heatg., lt., use b. (c.h.w.), etc. Excel. pied à terre, m. only. Box 5797.

RUSSELL Sq. area. Well-furn. bed-sit. rm., quiet aspect, yng. gent. pref. £2 2s., no extra charges, gas metrd. Box 5775.

W.2. Quiet & sunny B/S. for gentleman. Tel., use bath. Nr. tube/buses. 45s. Box 5819.

THREE bed-sitters, kit., newly decorated, h. & c., use bath, 'phone, N. London. Suit 2-3 friends. Tel.: TOT. 0463.

HIGHGATE Wds. Attrac. one-room garden flatlet, well-eqpd & furn., c.h.w., use frig. 47s. 6d. wkly. MOU. 5196.

VACANCY for girl in Hampstead flat shared by three others. PRI. 0968.

HAMPSTEAD flat, sleep 3/4, for 1 mth. July-Aug. 7gns. per week. Box 5679.

1 or 2 enlightened girls wtd. to share pleasing Hampstead flat. Box 5768.

RICHMOND. Large sunny sgle. bedroom, lovely river view. Gas & ring, use bathkit. 2½gns. p.w. incl. Business woman only. RIC. 0973.

LARGE double bed-sitting-room, wash-hand basin, h. & c., elec. cooker. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HIGHGATE Wds. Divan-rms. 2gns. sgle. 3gns. dble. Women pref. TUD. 8207.

IN congen. hsehld.: 2 sgl. rms., 1 with k'ette., other with h. & c. basin. Newly dec., pleas. Use bath, 'phone, gdn. 1 min. Finchley Rd. Stn. KIL. 0728 (not mornings).

TO let furnished, double bedroom, 2 sitting-rooms, own kitchen, in well-furnished flat, 8gns., early July, for 3 months, Kensington. Box 5761.

BUNGALOW, rural situation among artists, ½ hour Piccadilly, avail. 14.7.56-1.9.56. 2 beds. £3 p.w. Box 5653.

EDINBURGH Festival period, let/exch. (for quiet country/seaside), charming 5-rm. mews flat. Cen. htg., wash. mach., tel., garage. Catford, 5 Belgrave Mews, Edin.

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CARAVAN, Fairholm Leprechaun, well equipped on farm near Dartmoor, 6 miles W. Exeter. Suit married cple. Christow 277.

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JEWISH girl (23), seeks other to share attractive flat, N.W.11. Box 5660.

2 business girls seek pleasant double room, central, use bath, Mon.-Thurs. incl. furn./unfurn. Wd. undertake decorations if nec., baby-sit. Box 5752.

ARTIST-schoolmaster-urg. wants place Cen. Lon., work/live, fur./unfur. Must have own water, gas; if poss. 2 rms. Box 5798.

TWO architects about to marry, require any inexpensive furn./unfurn. accommodation, Hampstead, Highgate, etc. Box 5412.

BREAKING up? Literate female desires share accom. with one or two others from Sept. Own car and guitar. Box 5794.

YOUNG man wants accommodation London, pleasant vegetarian family or guest house, Mondays to Thursdays, from end of July. Reply: C. Ormond, Manor House, Chisledon, Wilts.

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2 Manchester Square, London, W.1. Two rooms 18 ft. × 12 ft. and 12 ft. × 6 ft. Vacant possession. £300 per annum fully inclusive. Tenants must be either charitable or non-profit-making body. Tel. WEL. 4555.

HAMPSTEAD, 2 min. Belsize Pk. Tube. Unf. s/c. flat, 2 lge., 1 sml. rm., kit., bath, w.c. £100 p.a. £300 f. & f. Box 5771.

UNF. top maisonette. 5 rms 2 ks. & b., vacant Aug. N.W.3. £300 incl. F. & F. £500. Box 5777.

AFRICAN employed Gold Coast Commissioner's Office urgently seeks s/c. furnished flat, Central London. Write Box 5709.

COUPLE, no children, req. S.C. unfurn. flat/cottage, min. 2 rooms, k. & b., Cent. London or with quick access. Lond. Box 5633.

YOUNG Schoolmaster, single, reqs. unfurn./furn. flat within ½ hour Acton Town. Wheeler, 39 Tremadoc Rd., S.W.4.

LECTURER (33), wife, no children, need furn. self-contained flat, reasonable access to Imperial College, S.W.7. Starting Sept. or earlier. Box 5683.

GRADUATE, wife & child seek furn. country cottage/bungalow from August, long let. Max. 60 mins. London. Box 5769.

U.S.A.-quitting Englishman wants furnished flat July 1, long term. S.W.1, W.1. 1 or 2 bed, sitting room, real kitchen, bathroom, etc., self-contained. £300 p.a. (more or less). No premium, or not much. Write Box 5736.

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WANTED: "Twentieth Century," February & June, 1955.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TAVISTOCK Repertory Co., Canonbury Pl., N.1 (CAN. 3475 & CAN. 5111). "Taming of the Shrew" in Canonbury Tower Garden on June 29, 30, July 4, 5, 6, 7, at 7.30 p.m.; June 30, July 7, at 3 p.m.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days 5 & 8. "Off the Mainland." Mems.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. Polly. John Gay's sequel to Beggar's Opera. Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until July 1: Orson Welles in "Othello" (A). From July 2: Entrancing Chinese film: "Liang Shan-Po and Chu Ying-Tai" (U).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. July 1. 6 days. Seven Samurai (X) Jap. Eng. titles.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., June 30. Danny Kaye in "The Inspector General" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin). Bulgarian Music & its Asian Affinities by A. L. Lloyd on Mon. July 2, at 38 Russell Sq., W.C.1. Inf. re other concerts, classes, membership (10s. p.a., students 2s. 6d.), etc., from Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel.: Hichley 2934.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., June 30, 8-11. "At Home." Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltone. Mems. 3s. Gsts. 5s.

THE Continental Club (late of Baker Street) proudly announces the opening of their new Club Centre and Espresso Lounge at 3 Circus Road, St. John's Wood, to be open every evening except Mondays for language practice and dances. Grand gala opening dance on Saturday, June 30, 8 p.m. Full particulars write Secretary.

CONCERTS

INVITATION Pianoforte Recitals by pupils of Dorothy Hesse, Wigmore Hall, Tuesday, July 10, at 6.45. Tickets may be had at Box Office, Wigmore Hall, and Miss Hesse, 7 Culross Street, W.1. Stamped addressed env. must accompany all applicns. by post.

WIGMORE Hall, Mon., July 2 at 7.30. Lina Lalandi, the Greek Harpsichordist. Works by Bach, Arne, Rameau, Scarlatti. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall & Agents.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

PICASSO. 50 years of graphic art. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq. S.W.1. Until Aug. 5. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thur. 10-7, Suns. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. New Paintings by Georges Mathieu, including "The Battle of Hastings." July 5-August 11. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closed Sundays. Admission 6d.

SLATTER, 30 Old Bond St. Exhbn. Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Gillian Ayres & Henry Mundy. 11-1.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters, 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

ZWEMMER, 26 Litchfield St. W.C.2. Francis Bott 1st Lond. Exhb. fr. June 12.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Roderic Barrett. Paintings by Derek Cawthorne.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 40th Anniversary Exhibition. Modigliani, Chagall, Soutine, Epstein, etc. June 19-July 24. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

CHARLES Howard: Paintings & Drawings. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Week-days 11-6; Suns. 2-6, closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paul Klee. Until July 21.

REBEYROLLE—Paintings: organised by Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd., at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit St., W.1. Closes July 7. 10-5, Sats. 10-7. Adm. free.

GERMAN Books. Exhibition of the finest examples of book production in the G.D.R., July 2-Sept. 15. Collet's Multilingual Bookshop, 67 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Recent Paintings by Modern Scottish Artists, July 4-July 28.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Pictures of the 19th & 20th Century: recent paintings by Frederick Franck. And some Rodin Bronzes.

HAMMERSMITH Gallery, June 30-July 14. Paintings by Ivor Johns & Fredk. Packer.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings and Drawings by Suzanne Valadon. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Constantin Guys—Drawings from English and European Collections. Adm. 2s. 6d. in aid of The National Art Collections Fund. Until July 31. Giacomo Guardi—Views of Venice. July 2 to July 31. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

PHOTOGRAPHY by E. Locker, A.R.P.S., L. Goodman. New Vision Centre, 4 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, July 3-21.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENT. London Fabian Socy. Wed. July 4, 7.30. "Labour's Housing Policy," W. J. Fiske, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Vis. 2s.

INDIAN Socialist Group. Public Meeting "Indian Socialism," Indian Students Bureau, 36 Exeter Street, W.C.1, Friday, June 29 at 7.30 p.m. Speaker: Shri Asoka Mehta, M.P. Leader of Praja Socialist Party of India. Adm. Free.

SHOULD colonial men share equal rights? debated at Annual Conference, C.L.C. (London). Brit. & W. Indian trade unionists participating. Sun., July 1, 2 p.m., Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd. W.C.1. All invtd.

ARCHIBALD Robertson, M.A., "What is Vital in Shaw." July 1, 1956, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free "Monthly Record" on request.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11 (PARk 7379). Fri., June 29, 8 p.m. B. Elkin: "Turgenev in Russian Social History" (in Russian). Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., Prof. Lavrin: "Drama of Gogol."

ERICH Kästner (author of "Emil and the Detectives"), Marie Luise Kaschnitz and Hermann Kesten read from their works (in German), on Monday, July 9, 8 p.m., Beveridge Hall, University of London, Senate House, Malet St., W.C.1. Tickets: 3s. 6d. (res.), 2s. 6d. (unres.), from the Secretary, P.E.N. Centre of German Authors Abroad, 4b Belsize Grove, N.W.3 (Tel. PRImrose 6083), and at the door. Students: Adm. free.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, July 1, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. M. L. Burnet: "Jung and Religion."

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun., July 1. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1 (nr. Bond St. Stn.). Rev. Michael Fryer "Animals, Religion and You."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., 7.30. July 5, Questions & Answers. Suns. 5 p.m. at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10. Gits. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., on July 7, Miss Grace Udall: "The Port of London."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE University of Birmingham. Faculty of Science. The University is making special arrangements to provide training for boys and girls who will be qualified for admission to an Arts course to enable them to take an Honours Degree in either Pure or Applied Science after four years of study. The course will begin in October, 1956, and it is intended to help towards meeting the national need for more scientists and technologists. Applications should be made as soon as possible to the Registrar, The University, Edgbaston, Birmingham 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained. Geoffrey Templeman, Registrar.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools, August 18-Sept. 1. Brian Abel-Smith, Austen Albu, Thomas Balogh, Arthur Blenkinsop, Margaret Cole, C. A. R. Crosland, David Eversley, Edward Hyams, Douglas Jay, Hilary Marquand, John Parker, R. S. W. Pollard, C. F. Powell, Barbara Wootton. Details: 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

RATIONALIST Press Association Annual Conference, Girton College, Cambridge, August 10-14. "Rationalism in the Modern World." Speakers: Prof. T. H. Pear, Dr. John Lewis, Joseph Reeves, M.P., Ronald Hepburn, Donald Macrae. Inclusive fees: Members £6 10s., non-members £7 10s. Apply to R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

FRIENDSHIP House. Intl. Peace Centre in Germany. Invites working volunteers (3s. 4d. a day) any time. Special study courses for would-be peacemakers. Sept. 15-Oct. 30 (10s. per day). Particulars from Wm. Hughes, 35 Doulting, Shepton Mallet, Som.

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EAST West contacts by Wavell Wakefield, M.P., the Case for Disarmament by George Pargiter, M.P., and Gordon Schaffer on Britain's H-bomb test, in the July/August B.P.C. "Newsletter." Price 4d. or 3s. 6d. per year from British Peace Committee, 81 City Road, London, E.C.1.

AUTOMATION. How far will it go? Cyprus: Two Lost Years. Pensions Must Be Raised. Trinidad Oil. "Labour Research" 9d. (11s. p.a.). 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

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SOVIET Historians and 20th Congress (A. M. Pankratova). Also: New Trends in Soviet Historiography. Sov. History Information Bulletin Vol. 3, No. 1. 1s 6d (post free 1s. 9d.) S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

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